TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1584.

JEW v FASCIST: THE TRUTH (SEE PAGES 24 & 25)

JOHN BULL

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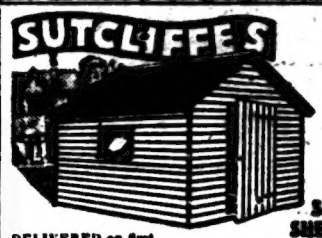

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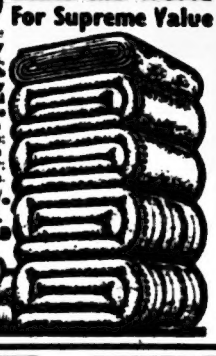

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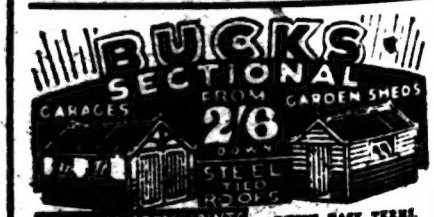

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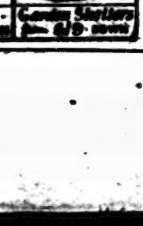

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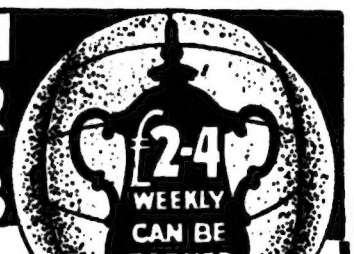

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ALL KINDS of Rupture, Elastic Trusses and Appliances from 12/6. Free Trusses for National Health insured persons. Read the advertisement of C. A. Macbeth on page 3.

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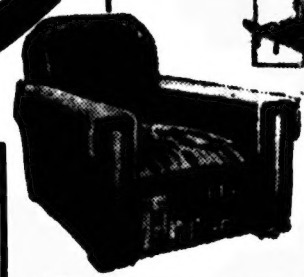

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• To Our Readers

WITH this issue "John Bull" moves forward in step with the March of Time.

New problems of vast importance and difficulty face the new world that is being born around us every day we live.

There is more need now than ever there was for an organ of frank, fearless criticism like "John Bull" to act as watch-dog in the interests of the man-in-the-street.

To keep him informed of the real trend of world and national events, to expose humbug, hypocrisy and hate in all their guises, to point the way to a happier world—that is the service the new "John Bull" will give week by week.

The Editor

• From Our Readers

You're Telling Us

We're Telling You

I WAS married last Saturday at a register office. The setting and conduct of the ceremony were something that I had never imagined in the dreams of my bridal day.

The small, musty room was lit by a feeble, naked gas-jet and the floor was strewn with bundles of papers. An old, bespectacled man, who took snuff, married us with a series of grunts.

On the wall behind him was a notice about the registering of sudden deaths and the birth of illegitimate children.—Mrs. P. K. (on honeymoon).

The Registrar-General might celebrate the centenary of his Department next January by brightening his marriage parlours.

Safety For Scotland

SCOTLAND is contributing proportionately to Britain's air-defence measure; but, so far, practically no provision has been made for protection of her people and property.

It is nonsense to say, as the authorities do, that Scotland is remote from possible attack. Edinburgh was bombed in the Great War.—Hector McKinnon, Queen's Park, Glasgow.

Scottish Office in London assures us now that in a few months adequate guard will be provided for Caledonia.

Punishment Too Drastic

I WAS one of six motor-lorry drivers fined 40s. to-day because we failed to produce our driving log-books when demanded by policemen.

In every case we had left them at home or in the garage and produced them in an hour or two at the police station. The log system is the only one to prevent the overworking of lorry drivers until, falling asleep, they endanger other road users, but punishment like ours is too drastic.—H. Gulliver, Stratford, E.

It would be more beneficial if the police gave attention to lorry owners who compel drivers to take the logs.

Silent Church Bells

THE vicar of a Gloucester parish ordered the church bells to be silent for the benefit of a girl who was gravely ill.

Might not this thoughtful act be copied in all towns where the public clocks chime the quarter, half and full hours through the night, to the detriment of the sick?—F. W. Keep, Dursley.

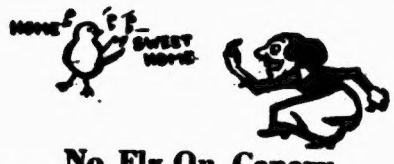
Only High Court judges on assize seem to have the power to order clock-chiming to stop in the night.

16/- For 60 Hours' Work

A CENTURY ago this month Elias Howe invented the sewing-machine. Would he have abandoned his idea if he had known that it would be used to-day to exact the last ounce of energy from tens of thousands of women at starvation wages?

These are the women who work at home with materials supplied by the factories and who are paid 16s. for sixty hours' labour.—R. Haswell, New Seaham, Co. Durham.

A number of M.P.s have agreed to press the Government to bring home-workers under the Trade Board rates in the factories.



No Fly On Canary

MY neighbour has given a newspaper interview in which she says canaries must have homing instinct and power of long flight, because her bird flew back to the house after escaping eight weeks ago.

What she doesn't know is that the canary had been in our home, next door, for two months. I found it in the garden and took it in, unaware of the owner.

Last week I discovered to whom it belonged, and put it into her scullery unseen.—Mrs. L. M., Fairfield, Liverpool.

A good nature story spoiled.

The Two Voices

AT the Motor Show every other model is boosted for radio equipment or for still greater speed and power.

Yet Mr. Hore-Belisha says drivers must give all their attention to the road and travel with restraint. — Denis Nunan, Hastings.

He also says drivers must not drink. Did you observe the luxury cars have built-in cocktail bars?

Is It Mockery?

IT seems mockery to invite people in stricken areas to attend harvest thanksgiving services. They do not share the bounty. And all over the world the fruits of earth and sea are still being destroyed to keep up prices.—G. W. Allison, Merthyr.

That is no reason why there should not be gratitude to the Provider Whose gifts are abused.

Stop It, B.B.C.!

MOST listeners must have been astonished to hear a B.B.C. appeal for money to assist young men who come to London from the distressed areas for jobs at 20s. to 25s. weekly.

It was stated that they have to live in cheap, common lodging-houses and have to subsist on a daily meal of a kipper and a cup of tea.—W. M., West Dulwich.

Scores of readers write in protest against this appeal as a subsidy, in the guise of charity, to employers of slave labour.

Really Angry

YOUNG folk about my age—twenty—are made really angry to be told daily by our elders in the work-place or home, "You're lucky not to have gone through what we did."

We admire the generation that preceded ours for sticking it, but it will take even more guts than they possessed to deal with our inheritance from them.—Harry Roberts, Langley, Birmingham.

It's an even chance that in 1956 Mr. Roberts will be flicking the colts of that year.

After The Cane

IT emerged in the case of a boy of thirteen sent by Bradford Juvenile Court to a reformatory for truancy that the trouble only started three months ago, after he had been caned for not getting his sums right.

Detention sentences like this bring the Children's Act into disrepute. There are other methods of treatment prescribed. —Churchman, Bradford.

A big proportion of the 4,000 children now put into institutions yearly as "young delinquents" suffer only from the fear-bogy. Wiser magistrates are needed.

But Not Income-Tax!

UNDER an Act which came into force this year, magistrates must now allow time to debtors to pay fines, arrears under maintenance orders and the like if, after examination as to means, it is shown that they cannot pay forthwith.

Why do the Courts continue to refuse similar concessions in claims under income-tax summonses or to authorise payment by instalments?—Hard Hit, Burnley, Lancs.

Income-tax is deliberately excluded from this provision. Obviously having had the income, the debtor has had the means to pay.

Cold Comfort From P.M.G.

AUTOMATIC gambling machines are prohibited by law. Only the Post Office is immune.

I put a penny in a stamp machine, but got nothing. Another coin produced half a stamp. Two more pennies were wasted.

I could not post my football coupon, which would have won me £10.—"Stricken," Gatwick Road, Southfields, S.W.

P.M.G.'s secretary informs us the only consolation is that unlucky stamp buyers can have their money refunded.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

IT is always sad to be deceived. It implies a lack of ability to think and to reason, a poor sense of judgment, an over-optimistic nature and a general lack of balance. But to be deceived by another is not nearly so sad as to deceive oneself. Self-illusion is one of the worst vices.

Self-deception is the very apex of irrationality. It is egotism of the first water. And one of its saddest aspects is that it is readily recognisable by everyone except the person who is indulging in it.

There is something to be said for the attitude of the Irishman who announced that he was "as good as the next man and a damn sight better"—but only as long as it is an attitude of mind.

To have a feeling of complete self-confidence and assurance is grand; but to act on it in the firm belief that everyone else is definitely your inferior is nothing short of nauseating. It's not clever. It's simply ridiculous.

There is no merit in a thought simply because you thought it. An action is not of necessity meritorious because it was performed by you. There is nothing about you—as you—that makes you any better or more valuable to the world than the next man.

It is the thought that matters—not you. It is the action that is important—not the fact that you did it. Events may one day prove you to have been an important cog in the world's machinery, but only time can show. You can't.

All you can do is to be on your best, to think your hardest, to do your job to the best of your ability, to be conscientious and straight and trustworthy. The world will soon let you know whether or not what you are doing is worth while.

Write to John Bull About It—

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half a guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to John Bull, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THREE KINDS OF TIRED WOMEN WHO NEED A TONIC

Superficial "tonics" that merely stimulate for a few short hours are worse than useless! You need a real tonic that will thoroughly revitalise your system, build you up permanently.

SOONER or later, most women get into a run-down condition, for which they need a tonic. They are constantly *tired*, in one of three ways.

Which type of woman are *you?*

1. ***ACHING, WEAK WITH WEARINESS***

She longs to lie down and rest—every movement is a dragging effort. Doing the housework is a nightmare. Her back and legs ache, she feels worn out before she starts the day.

2. ***JUMPY, NERVES ALL ON EDGE***

She frets about everything, and can't sleep properly. A sudden noise makes her jump, she dreads crossing a busy street. She forgets things and drops things in her nervousness.

3. ***LOW, WORRIED, DEPRESSED***

Everything seems wrong, and she has no energy or vitality to enjoy life. She longs for companionship, but is shy and awkward in company. She feels and looks older than her age.

Whichever kind of tiredness you suffer from, the cause is always the same—your blood and nerve-cells are weak and starved, through overwork or illness.

Avoid temporary "tonics"

It's no use taking "tonics" that let you down again in a few hours. There's one tonic that's specially prepared, from a doctor's formula, to build up your blood and nerve-cells. And that one tonic is Hall's Wine.

The effect of Hall's Wine is both *quick* and *lasting*. It has been scientifically proved that it actually starts to pour new strength into you within thirty seconds! And the good it does, by enriching your blood and feeding your nerve-cells, is *permanent*.

Do as doctors and nurses advise

Doctors and nurses constantly prescribe Hall's Wine for their patients. Many letters from practising nurses tell how effective they find it in cases of tiredness, "nerviness" and depression. They praise the way it *permanently* rebuilds and revitalises the system.

Take Hall's Wine two or three times a day. You'll notice the difference *at once!* And in a few days, with new energy and vitality, you'll find life worth living again. "Nerves" and worry will be forgotten. You'll look and feel brighter and younger! Start on Hall's Wine today!

From Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6, smaller size, 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

When you buy goods advertised in "John Bull" you get the Very Best! The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 46.

Kidneys Must Purify Blood

To Bring Vitality, Clear Skin and Youthful Looks

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood, is through 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Tired-Out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Slow Kidney action also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting and Itching.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present-day foods throw an extra heavy load on the Kidneys, and that most people need help from time to time if they are to feel their best and preserve their youthful appearance. Fortunately for sufferers it is easy to help Kidney Troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, which now is available at all Chemists under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctors throughout the world praise the merits of Cystex. For instance, Dr. C. Van Straubensee, noted specialist, of London, recently made the following written statement. "Poisons taken from the blood are deposited in the Kidneys. They must be removed promptly or irritations are set up which annoy the system. I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas of its kind and recommend it most highly."

Dr. Van Straubensee

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 51 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the British Pharmacopœia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a remarkable improvement in 48 hours and ending of troubles in 8 days.

£1,000 Guarantee

Because of its world-wide and unusual success, Cystex is offered under a written guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. This guarantee is backed by a fund of £1,000 on deposit with the Westminster Bank, London. Under this written guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction.

48-Hour Results

With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the Kidneys. Most people report a remarkable improvement within the first 48 hours and complete satisfaction within 8 days. As the guarantee protects you completely, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior or irritating drugs or any medicine not good enough to be guaranteed. And remember that delay may endanger your life. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (Pronounced Sis-tex) to-day.

Beware of Imitations

Take It!

—And Stop Limping

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

- *"No sign of varicose veins now."*
- *"Elasto put new life into me."*
- *"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."*
- *"Cured mu swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."*
- *"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."*
- *"Now walk long distances with ease."*
- *"Elasto has cured my bad legs."*
- *"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."*
- *"Now free from piles."*
- *"I feel 10 years younger."*
- *"It put me on my feet."*
- *"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*
- *"All signs of phlebitis gone."*
- *"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."*
- *"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."*
- *"My skin is as soft as velvet."*
- *"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."*
- *"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."*
- *"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."*
- *"Elasto has saved me pounds."*
- *"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."*
- *"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."* *Etc., Etc.*

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves, the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new blood remedy Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your coupon NOW—while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please print in capital letters.)

ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 24.10.36. .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

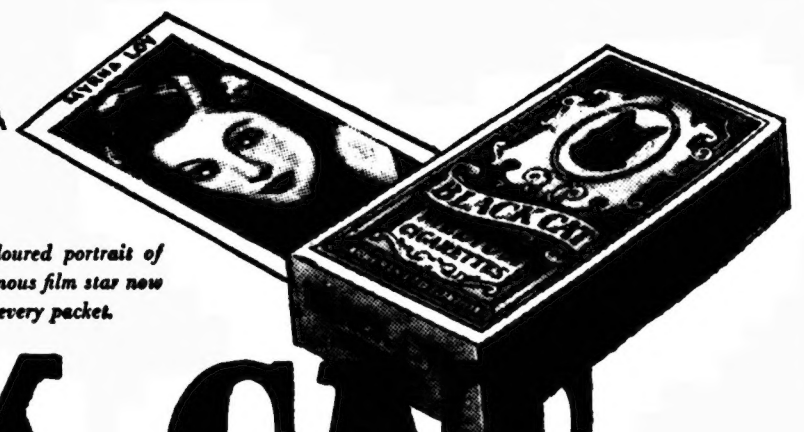
I give you a Straight deal

"Quality has always been my motto. For 30 years I've given the smoking public the finest tobaccos available, the finest blending, made possible only by the immediate installation of the most advanced methods of cigarette manufacture.

I ask you to try my newest 10 for 4d. cigarette—I claim that it possesses better flavour, that it is better filled and that as well as giving supreme smoking satisfaction, it is the best value for money obtainable.

Sincerely I ask you to . . .

BUY & ENJOY A PACKET TODAY!"



Coloured portrait of famous film star now in every packet.

BLACK CAT

MEDIUM CIGARETTES

4D. buys 10

Also in **'RIGID'** *Packets of* **5 for 2d.**

B.C.67

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

VAULTING HORSE *in a* *Mare's Nest*

WHAT is behind all the recent Government ballyhoo about regenerating the nation through physical jerks? Where are the "plans" about which certain Ministers have been coyly hinting?

We can tell the country that *there are no plans.*

The whole thing is just another of the Government's window-dressing stunts, announced vaguely but with a great flourish of trumpets, and not backed by any serious intention or implemented by any practical measures.

Mr. Chamberlain—a past Minister of Health himself—began beating the big drum at the Conservative Party's Conference at Margate a few weeks ago.

He broke the news about the Government's "plans" in a five-minute speech full of vague generalising, packed with handsome platitudes and obvious trivialities.

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NEWSPAPERS which take their cue from Mr. Chamberlain went into loyal ecstasies over this slender fare. Here was first news, they said, of a great campaign to regenerate Britain.

So Mr. Chamberlain's pallid chit-chat went over big in the Conservative Press, and up went the Government stock in the estimation of many, many thousands.

Other Ministers rushed into print to congratulate the Chancellor. Especially there was Sir Kingsley Wood, who emotionally thanked Mr. Chamberlain in a newspaper article for expressing "the growing view held by many persons in this country that we must have a fitter Britain." But we looked in vain through his statements for any evidence of practical intention.

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THERE is the same answer. Sir Kingsley we know as the shrewdest publicity man in the Government. He has his ear pressed constantly to the ground. And he saw in Mr. Chamberlain's empty announcement only a fine wheeze to impress the country that the Government is at last doing something for the physically unfit.

Of course, the Government must put a decent face upon its dummy purpose. There will be a general sort of pronouncement in the King's Speech at the Opening of Parliament a few days hence. And it will set up some sort of limbless body as that which now functions in the Depressed Areas.

Depressed bodies will be treated like the "depressed areas." There will be an arrangement whereby State assistance is doled out sparingly and piecemeal to existing voluntary organisations like the Playing Fields Association and some of the sports associations which are reasonably "well in" with the various local authorities.

You can guess how much help will be given from the Government's record with similar endeavours in the past.

The Central Council for Recreative Physical Training, which has started hundreds of "Keep Fit" classes all over the country, has done it all without a penny-piece of help or any direct encouragement from the Government. Actually, its annual income has never exceeded £300 throughout its existence.

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WHAT the country needs for its regeneration is something far more fundamental and far reaching than a little money doled out for the provision of parallel bars for all.

Empty bellies should be filled first. Nutriment is more important than physical jerks. Before the Government begins studying sports catalogues, it should have another look at Sir John Orr's terrible report, which stated that 13½ millions out of the nation's 45 millions are not getting proper or sufficient food.

If it still doubts the relationship between food and health it should take a peep into the Welsh valleys, where there is staged a terrible object-lesson. The people there have access to the healthy

Gymnasia are all very well—but the Government seems to forget that there are some people who could do with food before physical jerks.

mountain-sides of the valleys in which they live. Yet their general standard of health and physique is almost lower than anywhere in Britain. Why? Because they are living lives of semi-starvation.

Before the Government starts laying foundation stones for gymnasia, suppose it starts providing decent healthy homes for people to live in. In London alone, according to the 1931 census, over 280,000 *families* are living in either one or two rooms. . . .

And decent places to work in. According to its own inspectors' reports, almost half the workshops and offices in Britain are badly lighted, dangerously equipped, and men and women labour all day in a disease-breeding environment.

It is such working conditions which contribute to those 20 million lost working weeks per year to which Sir Kingsley Wood referred the other day.

The Government has said, "We want the young. We want to make them healthy and fit through free sports and games." But suppose, first, it does something about reducing the legal limit of working hours for boys and girls between 14 and 16?

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AND the children. . . . More playing fields and organised gymnastics are certainly praiseworthy ideals. But suppose, first, it does something to stop them from going hungry—increases the school grants for free meals, cut by the demands of the guns. Full tummies would give them an appetite for games.

Suppose, too, it overhauls the schools' medical and dental services. In many areas there is one dentist to every 16,000 children. They are good, devoted men, but it is an impossible task.

If the Government thinks that it is going to make a nation of athletes out of hungry children with bad teeth and septic tonsils, it must think again. There are countless children in Britain to-day in that condition.

And, lastly—work. What are the Government's plans for providing jobs as well as vaulting horses? Give a man a job and you have got a fit man. The gymnastic polish can come later.

When we see some hint of measures such as these in the Government's so-called "plans" for a fitter Britain, we will believe in them. Without these primary measures the "plans" can be tucked neatly away in the mare's nest where they belong—and there forgotten.

Straight from the Shoulder

GERMAN COLONIAL PLOT EXPOSED

Deal With Whitehall And Portugal

HITLER'S sudden order to stop all colony propaganda mystifies the whole political world. And the reason seems to be in an amazing diplomatic deal between Whitehall and the Wilhelmstrasse and influential pro-Germans in South Africa and Portugal. Portugal, because no less than a slice of Portuguese West Africa is the price held out to Hitler.

Ripe for exploiters

Portuguese West Africa is potentially rich, but the Portuguese are notoriously bad colonial administrators. With nearly 500,000 square miles of territory, much of it already productive, it is potentially ripe for extensive exploitation.

Mr. Pirow

Portugal is to be persuaded that part of this territory is to be handed over to Germany in the form of a huge concession to a German Chartered Company. It will make little difference, the argument goes, to her own Colonial Empire; it will be giving Germany a colony at first in all but name, giving the Nazis that much-desired place in the sun. And Fascist Portugal in Dictator Salazar will need little persuasion.

South Africa is to be persuaded that German exploitation will be of general benefit in continuing the so necessary flow of cheap labour. And pro-German Mr Pirow, tipped as the next South African Prime Minister, has been busy smoothing out the way since his recent trip to London.

* * *

The stage is all set for a deal beside which the Hore-Laval pact will look a scrupulously honest bargain. There might even be a little British money—in the form of a credit—for the German Chartered Company when it is formed.

Not on the "Bounty"

Discontent in the Navy is always disturbing, and the news of trouble on H.M.S. *Guardian* suggests something more than the "slight case of indiscipline" reported by the Admiralty.

There's no smoke without fire, and the public is entitled to know the facts.

Ll. G. unlucky

Lloyd George goes to Manchester this week. His object, we hear, is to rally Nonconformists to the Council of Action. He will be disappointed, for Methodists rightly suspect the Council of Action of being a political organisation whose main object is the revival of Lloyd George.

The new Army way

One of these days a recruiting officer will knock at your door with a pamphlet describing the attractions of Army life.

This is a new War Office step to try to bring the Army up to strength. A million of the pamphlets have already been printed. But will fifty millions produce the desired results?

All quiet again

All quiet in Palestine. The prescribed "fortnight of peace" has passed since the Arab committee called off the strike, and no shots have been fired.

Time now to count the cost. British and other casualties, 1,602.

Despatch of 30,000 troops—nearly as big, quite as expensive, as the B.E.F. in 1914. Every aerodrome in the Near East "stood by" on a war footing. Much work for the liaison officers in the desert, those diplomatic successors to "Lawrence of Arabia."

Full dress, please

It's cost a tidy sum in blood and money. Just how much is Parliament's duty to discover. And nothing less than a full-dress debate will do that.

We must have that debate as soon as Westminster reassembles. For there are a lot of things to be revealed.

Last Christmas British police officers, home on leave, predicted trouble and the very date when it would start. Friendly Arab politicians offered evidence of foreign bribes being given to Palestine agitators. Why were these warnings ignored?

Motor Show complaints

Olympia's Motor Show is a good one, marking another triumph in the rise of a great industry. Only one thing mars the triumph.

Design, comfort, road performance—no complaints about these. A serious complaint on the score of visibility.

Driving blind

Drivers' vision is too restricted in many cars, British as well as American In some, the motorist cannot see the car's wings or headlights, and might as well drive with a bandage half-covering his eyes.

About time, we think, that designers paid more attention to road safety.

Religion wakes up

Soon Religion will start an onslaught on traffic slaughter.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, leading a strong committee of Anglicans and Free Churchmen, will suggest startling safety measures to the Government.

"Britain as a nation of baby-killers" may be the text of many a sermon early in the New Year.

Way down south

A deputation of South Londoners is seeing Lord Ashfield to urge the extension of the tube from the Elephant to Camberwell.

South London has suffered too long from bad transport facilities, and Parliament actually approved the extension in 1931, but the scheme was held up by the financial crisis. Well, the crisis is past history, so get to work, Lord Ashfield.

Out of training

Stockbrokers faint in the mad struggle to get shares in Morris Motors. Another case of the survival of the fittest. Time some of these gamblers went into training for their hard morning's work on the Stock Exchange.

How long?

Cannot something be done to speed up the Royal Commission on Safety in Coal Mines? It began its job last February and is as yet only in its preliminary stages.

We don't wish to hurry the Commission unduly, but every week men are being killed or maimed by accidents that it knows to be preventable.

We want to know the measures it proposes to prevent them, and we want to know soon, not five years hence.

Sir Thomas' nose

Political gossips are amused by the way Sir Samuel Hoare has put Sir Thomas Inskip's nose out of joint.

Sir Thomas, you remember, was supposed to co-ordinate the three fighting Services. He has failed. Sir Samuel Hoare and the Admiralty are now thoroughly on top.

According to them, co-ordination (a Ministry of Defence in all but name) can only come by slow evolutionary process—which means that the project is indefinitely postponed.

So, from being the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, Sir Thomas has become the "COD" Minister.

Vested

Behind the scenes, powerful interests are pressing the Government to drop the promised new Factories Bill.

In the textile industries, in the new industries in the South, in some of the semi-armament industries, employers are making big profits by working women and young people the full 55 and 60 hours a week allowed by existing out-of-date legislation.

Growing evil

The recent report of the Factory Inspectors declared that this practice of working women and juveniles long hours was increasing. The trade boom has made it very profitable.

These employers argue that a new Factory Act which would reduce legal hours would injure prosperity, check the trade recovery, make it more difficult to fulfil the arms programme.

The Government must not listen to these short-sighted employers. If it did, it would be the latest of a disgraceful series of breaches of faith.

Employers, note

Yet the Factory Inspectors' report gives many cases to show that long hours do not pay, that production improves when hours are reduced and workers spared from exhaustion.

Enlightened employers know this is true. They have proved it for themselves.

Wicked whispers

A malicious whispering campaign directed against M. Blum, the French Premier, is attracting attention in the City.

The whisperers suggest "Blum can't last," and hint at imaginary deficiencies which are supposed to be leading to his "downfall."

According to our information, these underhand attacks emanate from certain City bankers, who were "left in the cold" over the franc devaluation.

No leakage

These banking houses have in the past been informed in advance of any currency changes or big deals planned by the French Government, and have profited accordingly.

Blum saw to it that there was no leakage this time. Hence the spiteful rumours.

Fife again

"Two years ago they were healthy—they are now showing signs of pinched faces." This description of a Fife family is one of the many grim facts revealed in the annual report of Dr. Pratt Yule. As Medical Officer, he should know.

Yule tidings

Dr. Yule tells of thirty people living in a house where only one earth closet is available; of districts where one water tap serves eleven houses, and large families live in single rooms, with the result that "it is impossible for them to get proper meals, clothing or sleep."

We are always hearing of scandals like these in Fife. Why do the authorities employ a medical officer if they are not prepared to do something about the revolting conditions he exposes?

Time stolen

The Government is arranging to take all Private Members' Time for official business. So no rank-and-file M.P.s will be able to initiate legislation during the next twelve months. All they'll be able to do will be what they are told to do.

Shouldn't a Government which preaches democracy practise it?

Rise for him

We're glad to hear that a better deal is now being given to the Tewkesbury man whose case we reported recently. (He was admonished by the Unemployment Assistance Board for accepting a meal and some cigarettes for an odd job he did for a kindly woman.)

The poor fellow was drawing 7s. 6d. a week transitional benefit; a further 9s. 6d. weekly has now been allowed him.

Maybe the publicity we gave to his circumstances has produced the change in them.

CABINET POST FOR LESLIE!

MR. BALDWIN, against his grain, will soon have to promote Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Minister of Transport, to Cabinet rank.

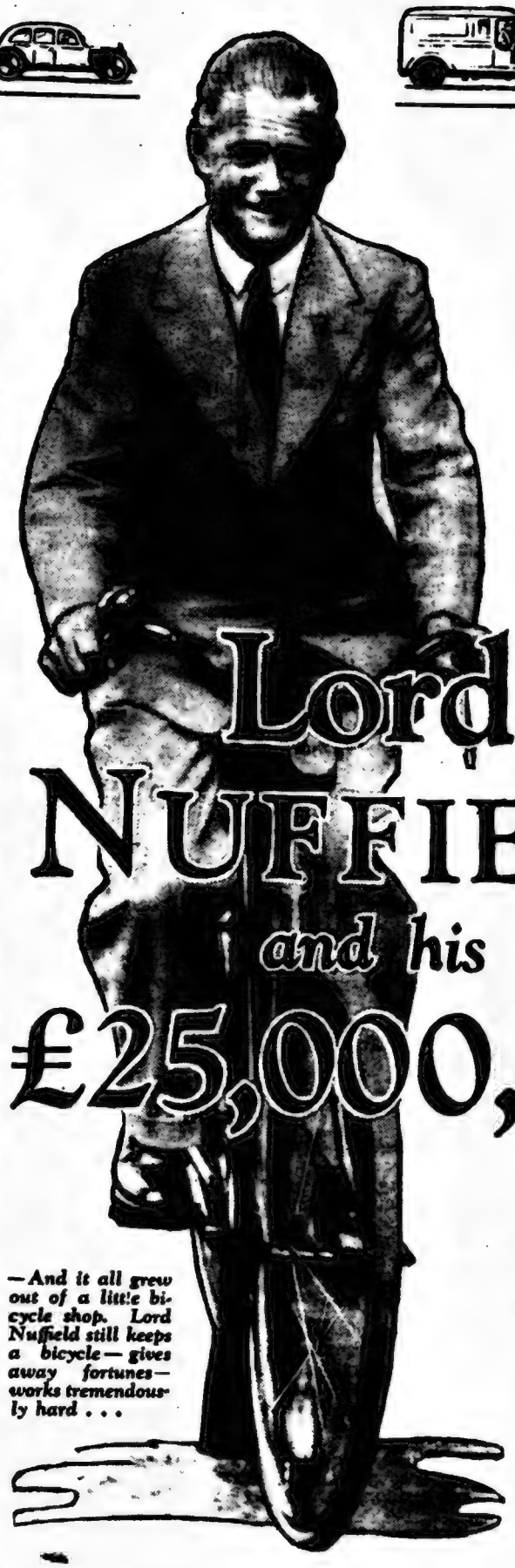
He will take the place of Sir Godfrey Collins, late Secretary for Scotland, though he will not take Sir Godfrey's job, for obvious reasons.

If Mr. Hore-Belisha did not get a move up, the Simonite strength in the Cabinet would be lessened, and that would not suit the Premier, who still keeps up the farce that his is a true "National Government of all Parties."

So Mr. Hore-Belisha is getting ready to play his part as a Cabinet Minister. Here you see him making up for his part in a recent road-safety talkie.

Employers Coerce Cabinet Infamous City Rumours 30 People: One House

Lord NUFFIELD and his £25,000,000



—And it all grew out of a little bicycle shop. Lord Nuffield still keeps a bicycle—gives away fortunes—works tremendously hard . . .

WILLIAM RICHARD MORRIS, first Baron Nuffield, is right in the news just now. We've been hearing a lot about him and his millions lately—both the millions he has, and the millions he gives away.

People really know very little about their richest fellow citizen. Does he enjoy being Britain's No. 1 millionaire? Have those millions brought him happiness? What does he do *with* his money? What does he do *about* his money? And how much money has he got?

The Nuffield possessions are probably worth about £25,000,000 at current valuation is the answer to the last question. Challenged, his lordship always smiles and says, "I don't know what I'm worth."

The main bulk of his great possessions consist of the controlling interest in the Morris, Morris-Commercial, Wolseley and M.G. motor concerns, along with many subsidiaries which manufacture components and accessories. There are sidelines as well—he once bought a coal mine, for example—but, on the whole, he sticks to the business he knows and understands.

Happy working

HE controls and runs his group of motor companies himself—9 to 7 at a little office in Cowley, Oxford, near by his first works. Here is the real fun he gets out of his millions.

Hard work at his own business, which, remember, he has built up himself from a one-man bicycle shop, is Lord Nuffield's real life. If it hadn't been he would not have achieved what he has.

Tremendous wealth has not "disillusioned" him. It never does men whose lives have been the story of their business achievement. Until he dies, or grows too old to work, Lord Nuffield will be happy in his working hours.

Of course his business worries him, annoys him, gets on his nerves and torments him. But it also gives him a genuine deep-down satisfaction. Just like painting gives to an artist or music to a composer.

Besides, it is all he has. His business is Lord Nuffield's only child.

He started "working and saving" when he was twelve. He has gone on ever since, as he never hesitates to remind scroungers. Naturally, the process has given him an acute sense of the value of money. He knows it has to be earned.

Careful with money: "that's what he is—always counts his change when he buys an ounce of tobacco. But quite likely to give away a million at any time, so long as he is sure the million is going to earn real dividends in human happiness and progress.

Fit, and proud of it

YOU'VE got to convince him quite conclusively that your cause will put his money to the best possible use before he'll give you a penny—figures, details, complete plans, and all that sort of thing.

But, once he is convinced, the bold mind which planned and built up Britain's greatest motor manufacturing concern does not do things by halves. If he believes you need the money, you can have all the money you want.

Hospitals and medical research have benefited tremendously from him. His latest gift to Oxford University will enable the finest medical school in Europe to be built up.

". . . I am willing to give to the University in trust sums which will amount, in the aggregate, to approximately one and a quarter million pounds."

It must have given Lord Nuffield satisfaction to write that sentence, especially as, not so many years ago, Oxford University officially was not so cordial as it might have been to Oxford City's most famous son.

"Coals of fire" are attractive to all of us. But, perhaps, such a suggestion is not quite fair.

Lord Nuffield's persistence in endowing medical research arises from his absolute belief in the necessity for physical fitness.

Very proud of his own slim figure, elastic, trim physique, obvious abounding health.

Only last week he said to a friend who called at his office, "Punch me in the stomach."

Friend gave a half-hearted tap.

"No! Much harder!"

Friend tapped harder at lower waistcoat button.

"No! A *real* punch."

Friend obliged and repeated it several times. "It was like punching a professional boxer," he said afterwards. "His tummy's as hard as iron."

Lord Nuffield is 59 years old.

Not long ago the rumour got about that he had diabetes. This gossip annoyed him more than anything which has happened for years. It was quite untrue. But he still denies it—and he always smiles if you tell him how "well he looks to-day."

His outstanding social trait is dislike for snobs and pretence. This takes the form of an impish delight in embarrassing "big pots."

A year or so ago he met a friend in a flannel suit on his way to a banquet where he was principal guest.

"Come along with me," pressed Lord Nuffield.

"How can I in this suit?"

"Just come in with me. They won't stop you."

They didn't. The friend sat at the top table. But when, half-way through, he went out to telephone, they didn't let him back.

Then there's the famous Hunterscombe story.

Hunterscombe Golf Club, near Oxford, was a rather classy place. Plain Mr. Bill Morris thought he would like to join. The committee decided they would prefer him not to.

So plain Mr. Bill Morris bought the place! He lives there still, very modestly, very quietly. And on Sundays he plays golf, sometimes with the men who tried to keep him out.

He bears them no ill-will—now that he has got his own way.

Very characteristically all his suits are made by the same Oxford tailor who dressed him nearly thirty years ago. "I like him and I see no reason to change."

He never wants any fuss or ceremony; no special attention just because he is Lord Nuffield.

A lonely man, with fewer close friends than he had years ago. But he sticks like glue to the men who stood by him in his struggling days.

These men took up the "wild schemes" of a youngster in a billycock who haunted the Olympia Motor Show of 1911 with blue prints of a new sort of motor-car—a cheap car which would bring motoring to the ordinary family.

He hawked his idea hard. At last the Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Stewart listened to him.

At the 1912 Motor Show the Morris 8.9-h.p. car was on view. All the £25,000,000 have grown out of it.

One old Oxford don believed in him in his earliest days, and helped him modestly. Lord Nuffield does not forget. That old don grew a very rich old man.

In the old days he raced bicycles, still wishes he could race cars, pilot aeroplanes. He motors instead, trying all his own vehicles on the road exhaustively and alone. His own personal car is an eight-year-old machine which has covered more than 150,000 miles.

Yet he still keeps a pedal cycle downstairs under his little office. And sometimes he goes out for a ride on it, though not so often now.

Of course, he's got plenty of bees in his bonnet. All successful men of practical genius have. He is obstinate about them, likes to argue about them. Very often events prove he was right.

Pays high wages, but does not greatly love trade unions: Does not believe in paternalism in industry, feeling that a man's time outside the works is strictly his own business.

Hates Americanisation. When a U.S. combine trieed to buy his out for £10,000,000 some time ago, he told them to go to Hell—"America gained the overseas car markets when Britain was fighting to make the world safe for democracy, including America."

"True-blue"

ALL his instincts and sympathies are true-blue Tory. But he doesn't think much of present "bumbling" Cabinet, holding (as so many big business men do) that a few men of his own stamp could do better.

Finally, he's intensely proud of being British, and believes in everything British.

Naturally despises the man who drives a foreign car—"If I don't tell him so, then I think it."

A little while back he thought of retiring, tried it for a few weeks, was so alarmed by a genuine millionaire's life that he hurried back to his little old office again, to make more millions.

Further millions thoughtfully and keenly given away may be predicted. They will be bestowed where they are really needed Bill Morris gives away a million just as shrewdly as he drives a bargain for a million.

And, as he sits working in his little office at Cowley, his fortune increases by £3,000 or so each day.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS

MONSTROUS EVICTION SCANDAL

PITY poor old John Yates, a widower of sixty-eight, who has been turned out of a cottage at Whiston, near St. Helens, Lancs, that has been his home for years.

The property had been condemned by the local council, and as the old man wouldn't leave he was evicted by county police officers and officials and left standing forlornly beside his few bits of furniture and bedding, which had been dumped in the open. To make matters worse, it was raining heavily, and John Yates had nowhere to go.

There had been no attempt by the Whiston Council to provide him with alternative accommodation; there was no relative to whom he could turn in his plight: he had already trudged miles looking for shelter in vain.

His total income is 16s. a week, made up by the old-age pension, 2s. 6d. outdoor relief, and a pension of 3s. 6d. a week from his old employers—the St. Helens Corporation.

At last, after desperate hours of uncertainty, he was provided with a tent by neighbours who were appalled at officialdom's inhumanity. So in this primitive shelter the old man sought protection from the driving rain.

Further appeals to the council for other accommodation have had no effect. Having evicted Yates from his home, Authority has no further interest in him. It is only through the intervention of some kindly neighbours that he has now been fixed up with a lodging.

The matter seems to have ended with the local Tenants' Association passing a resolution protesting against the council's action.

We do not think it should end there, for Mr. Yates is not the only sufferer. There are two other recent eviction victims—two brothers who lived in a cottage near to Mr. Yates all their lives.

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The council has done nothing to find alternative accommodation for them either. They came home one day to find all their belongings piled in the garden.

One has been lucky enough to obtain a temporary lodging; the other is seeking shelter in a small wooden hut.

Whiston Council has built a few houses during the past year or two; but apparently it has nothing to offer to the people it so ruthlessly robs of their homes.

In fact, local residents who have applied for these houses have been disappointed to find that they have in many cases been let to strangers from other localities—another grievance that calls for investigation.

Such methods of dealing with the housing problem—particularly the senseless practice of evicting tenants from condemned property without making any attempt to provide alternative accommodation—must end.

We urge the people of Whiston to bestir themselves and form a committee of enquiry at once to investigate the scandal.

John Yates standing forlornly beside his few household treasures after his eviction

SING A SONG O' PLUNDER

THE number of publishing firms that flourish at the expense of poor and inexperienced writers of songs has lately increased to an alarming extent.

The recent experience of a Kentish reader is illuminating. Having answered an advertisement by Vivian Campbell and Co., Ltd., he was assured that "selected work is accepted for publication entirely at our own cost."

His hopes were raised on being recommended to Mr. Julian Wright, described as an "eminent" composer of music, who wrote saying the song appealed to him as material for a fox-trot setting.

"*I shall be pleased to edit the lyric where necessary, to compose an original melody, writing-up the pianoforte score in modern style and ready for submission to publishers on payment by you of five guineas towards my expenses plus 10 per cent. of all moneys the song may earn you (including sheet sales, broadcasting, gramophone records, newspaper, film, American and Continental rights, performing rights, pianola rolls, etc.)*"

Our reader's pleasure on receiving this communication from a composer and arranger declared to be the writer of "an unbroken chain of 'world-wide' successes" can well be imagined.

On sending the required amount, the genius of Julian Wright was immediately applied to the setting of music to a song, the chorus of which runs as follows:

"*Why did you pretend to be more than a friend,*
And promise to be true,
How could you pretend to love me, sincerely,
When there was someone new,
You taught me how to care, was it really fair,
To take me right to heaven then leave me in despair."

Julian Wright pocketed the fee and completed the work, but a remarkable change then appeared in his relationship with the music publishers that had placed this work in his way. Vivian Campbell and Co., Ltd., did not select his song or the music for publication.

The offer by this firm to pay an advance royalty of £10 once music had been set to the song it thought "quite good," by the composer it had selected, was not repeated.

The industrious Mr. Wright then passed the effort on to the Paramount Music Co., Ltd., which required six guineas for what it called "orchestration," whilst Peter Derek, Ltd., of Shaftesbury Avenue, London, went as far as to ask for fifteen guineas.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wright offers as balm the information that one song, refused by "every" publisher in London, eventually made £12,000.

It is on the strength of such inspiring remarks that this business of fee-snatching from the gullible is carried on, and it is time it was stopped.

Another victim of this you-pay-we-publish fraternity is a young woman in Kettering, Northamptonshire, who got in touch with Vivian Campbell and Co., Ltd., and was introduced to Julian Wright in identical manner.

Julian Wright's impressive stock observation that he was busy arranging music for a new film no doubt carried weight. The aspirant, grateful that the eminent composer could deign to write music for her, parted with five guineas.

Again the same sorry sequel. Julian Wright passed the aspirant on to the Paramount Music Co., Ltd., which began by asking a payment of eight pounds, but later reducing the figure to five guineas.

At this stage the young woman concerned took the precaution of seeking advice and so saved herself from risking more money.

But there are others who complain that although they have paid for both musical settings and for publishing, they have lost all and gained nothing. The same methods are apparent in each instance.

No one doubts that there is money to be made by the successful song-writer, but when the aspirant is expected to pay advance fees, then the entire business is at once a snare and a delusion.

We have exposed the scandal on more than one previous occasion, and the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers has also taken up the campaign.

The Advertising Association, too, has despatched a series of warnings to editors of newspapers and journals in all parts of the country in an endeavour to stamp out this growing racket.

Collaboration between a lyric writer or a composer does not normally involve any payment by one to the other, and further, if a musical work is worth publishing, any reputable publisher is willing to do so at his own expense.

FILM BUBBLE BURSTS

SEVERAL readers who have sunk their money in a new £50,000 film enterprise in the hope of securing regular employment are now facing ruin.

One who lives in Chorley, Lancashire, answered an advertisement in a Manchester paper which called for a partner to invest £150 in an estate agency business.

This was, in its turn, sponsoring the Wallis Film Corporation, and intended to take over a large country house and estate near Blackpool.

He put up £175.

After six short weeks, however, he did not get his salary.

Time sped by, and each week brought a fresh excuse.

Then there is another Chorley man who invested over £2,000.

"Now, for the last seven weeks," this unfortunate man laments, "I have received no wages and the firm says it has no money."

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The sole satisfaction that he has to date is the following letter from the estate company's secretary, Mr. J. J. Lever:

"Negotiations regarding the Wallis Films Corporation are now beginning to materialise, and we are expecting a new underwriting contract to be signed any day now.

"One of the underwriters as been over to see the estate at Poulton, and is quite satisfied that it will make the finest studio in the British Iles.

"Mr. Hayward of Electrical Trusts as given Mr. Walls two interviews during the past few days and he as promised that if he is unable to put the deal through himself he will find some prominent person who will underwrite it for us at a capital of £50,000.

"Although this deal as cost us a great deal I feel sure that it will be worth it in the end."

We can only say that the optimism of Mr. Lever is stronger than his spelling.

The estate near Blackpool which it was hoped to convert for film studios

directed by Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS

Turned Away to Die

MR. SAMUEL ROBINSON, aged forty-five, of Burnley Lane, Chadderton, has lost his life after being refused admission to a hospital when his condition was extremely critical.

When he was first taken ill his doctor advised that he should be removed to hospital at once.

His wife, without means to hire a motor-car or ambulance, decided to go with her husband to the Oldham Municipal Hospital.

So, with a friend to aid her, they started on the painful journey, travelling part of the way by motor-bus.

Arrived at the hospital, Mrs. Robinson produced the doctor's note, which left no doubt about the gravity of the patient's condition.

They were told to wait. And Mrs. Robinson watched her husband suffering untold agony.

Then they were told to go to "A" block—only a short distance, perhaps, but on his way the patient temporarily collapsed.

But at last Mr. Robinson, supported by his wife and friend, managed to drag his pain-racked body to the other block.

Eventually a doctor appeared and informed the wife that her husband could not be admitted to the hospital until two days later, because cleaning work was going on and they could not have the wards overcrowded!

"My husband told the doctor that he was suffering from intense internal pain," Mrs. Robinson declares.

"This was evident to us all, but my husband was told that he would have to wait until Saturday.

"No attempt was made to examine my husband, although the doctor's note I had brought with me indicated that his condition was serious.

"I was naturally worried, and asked how I was to get my husband home.

Mr. Samuel Robinson

I was asked how he came, and, when I said by 'bus and walking, we were told that we could go home the same way."

On the way home Mr. Robinson collapsed in the street, and was carried to his home in Burnley Lane.

The doctor who first attended him was again called, and he, realising the desperate urgency of the case, immediately obtained an ambulance and the patient was rushed to the Oldham Royal Infirmary.

But it was now too late. A few hours later Mr. Robinson died during an operation for strangulated hernia.

Mrs. Robinson is left a widow with three children.

Why was he refused admission to the Oldham Municipal Hospital?

Mrs. Robinson rightly wants to know.

That the delay and the ordeal of the journey back home again reduced her husband's chances of life is obvious.

Mrs. Robinson has written to the authorities concerned, but she has not yet received the courtesy of a reply.

This distressing case must not be so easily dismissed.

The facts are such that we consider an immediate official enquiry is called for.

Our sympathies and those of all our readers will be with Mrs. Robinson, who has been widowed in such tragic circumstances and who is now left with three children to support.

Sir Wyndham Childs

Typhoid Epidemic . .

Still Dodging the Truth

ALTHOUGH officialdom declares that "all's well" again, the typhoid epidemic which swept Bournemouth, Poole and Christchurch, killing 44 people locally, is by no means ended.

Even Sir Kingsley Wood has been down to add his Ministerial voice of optimism to the general chorus.

But two hundred relatives of the dead who have banded themselves into an Anti-Typhoid League, to support JOHN BULL's demand that there should be a full enquiry, say that by no manner of means is "all well."

Proceeding under the guidance of eminent counsel, they intend to maintain, and even increase, their pressure until a number of very unpleasant facts are brought to light, and a number of pertinent questions answered.

They believe that many lives could have been saved if the authorities had been less anxious not to "scare away" holiday visitors, and so hushed-up the epidemic.

They are not satisfied with the bare announcement that the cause of the epidemic has been traced to a particular dairy's unpasteurised milk.

They want to know how it reached the milk, and in that connection have one or two questions to ask about Bournemouth's sewage and refuse disposal schemes.

If the enquiry that JOHN BULL demanded, and for which the League members are pressing, is not forthcoming, they intend to hold an enquiry on their own.

Already they are receiving from many towns all over the country the letters of people who have lost relatives from typhoid since they visited Bournemouth, plain evidence that even the terrible figures of 535 cases and 44 dead do not represent the full toll.

The only way for Bournemouth to clear things up and re-establish the town's prestige as a health resort will be to face the facts, and take such measures that such a disaster can never happen again

PESTS IN THE FACTORIES

COLLECTORS for dubious charity schemes are extending their scope.

While still making their regular door-to-door visits in residential districts, they are now calling upon factory managers and seeking permission to canvass employees.

A representative of the Priscilla Aid Society Mission, of Priscilla Road, Bow, London, has just been trying it on in the Slough district, where many new factories have sprung up.

We therefore urge all managers to be on their guard, for this society is one that has come under our notice on more than one occasion.

It is true that it runs a small mission hall and has a house of sorts on the Essex marshes which it likes to elevate to the importance of a "Holiday Home for Children." But both these enterprises are open to criticism in the manner in which they are conducted, and there is nothing to justify the widespread collections that the society is in the habit of making.

YOUNG LOVERS CRUELLY FLEECED

TWO modern furnishing concerns, with imposing headquarters in Oxford Street, London, have just closed their doors, and there is heartbreak in many new homes in consequence.

One firm is that of Lenbarr, Ltd., which has been in existence for barely a year.

What the collapse of this firm means is illustrated in the plight of an engaged couple from Wolverhampton who chose furniture there only a week or two ago to the value of £80, and paid cash.

The furniture should have been delivered within fourteen days, but it has never arrived. Letters to the firm have brought nothing except apologies and renewed promises of delivery.

When, in the end, the young couple decided to hire a motor lorry and come to London to collect their furniture, they found that Lenbarr, Ltd., had closed its doors!

Tears came to the bride-to-be's eyes when she realised that their money was lost and their hopes for a home were shattered.

Eventually they were informed that a creditors' meeting would be held in London, but this is small satisfaction for the would-be homebuilders.

Among the other victims of this firm's collapse is a chauffeur and his wife, who are employed in Mayfair. They paid £31 for furniture, and were fobbed off for weeks with promises.

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After many heated protests, and unsuccessful demands for the return of their money, they succeeded in getting about a third of their furniture.

Ultimately the indignant husband went to Lenbarr's shop to tell the firm what he thought of its business methods. He, too, found the doors shut.

Only a hundred yards or so along Oxford Street there was another furniture firm, Messrs. Richard Cleaver, Ltd., which has also collapsed in ruins.

Here is the heartbreaking experience of one young engaged couple who went to the firm's chromium-plated shop in February last to choose furniture valued at £52 7s. 6d.

They had intended to pay a deposit and the balance by instalments, but after some persuasion by a high-powered salesman, they agreed to pay cash.

The furniture was to be stored until August, when these two young people were to be married.

They rented a flat at Bayswater, and as the date of the marriage drew near they decided to have the furniture delivered.

They wrote to the firm repeatedly, giving instructions for delivery, but there was no reply.

Then they went round to the shop in Oxford Street, only to find the premises empty and that the firm had ceased to exist!

Later they learned that Richard Cleaver, Ltd., had gone bankrupt a month after it had taken their savings!

Our sympathies are with the people who have suffered as a result of the collapse of these two firms.

The facts that we have disclosed should be a warning to all young homebuilders. They should make sure they are dealing with firms of repute and not those of mushroom growth.

57 Towns Want "Scarface"

A CROOK with a scar on his upper lip is "wanted" in at least fifty-seven towns throughout the country, where he has perpetrated quick-fire frauds.

Yet the extraordinary thing is that he always announces his impending arrival to his prospective dupes well in advance!

This is how he works. The other day the manager of a Margate hotel received a telephone call purporting to be from the director of a famous aircraft company.

"Our Mr. Douglas Williams is flying to Margate on urgent business," he was told, "and will probably be staying with you. When he arrives will you kindly tell him that there has been a crash and we want him back at once?"

It seemed straightforward enough, so when, in due course, the supposed pilot presented himself at the hotel and started to sign the register, the management passed on the message.

Mr. Douglas Williams appeared somewhat embarrassed. This was most unexpected; he had not counted upon being called back that night and he was short of funds.

The outcome was that he borrowed £10 and departed, leaving the management to discover—as many others have done—that he was an impostor.

'It's the TONE which makes the music'. .

WHEN I came across this old French proverb I was at once struck by its prophetic nature. It seemed almost as though the sage foresaw the advent of radio entertainment.

Fully to appreciate the truth of the proverb you should hear the Bush Triode Superhet — the model built specially for *tone* and quality of reproduction. It makes even dull music seem interesting; while bright tunes sound brighter still!

I believe the secret is the use of a triode output valve in conjunction with a large diameter moving-coil speaker, while there is more than "pleasing the eye" in the design of the cabinet. But, however it is done, the result is really delightful. Go along to your Bush dealer and hear the Triode Superhet yourself.

BUSH TRIODE SUPERHET

A five valve (incl. rect.) seven stage superhet for A.C. mains, with seven tuned circuits. A.V.C. and Variable Selectivity. Large and clear tuning dial. Special high fidelity moving coil speaker which, in conjunction with the Triode output, results in a quality tone and volume hitherto unknown in a table model. Provision for Gramophone pick-up and remote speaker. Walnut cabinet of most attractive design with zebrano side bands.

13 GNS. cash or on popular payment terms.

BUSH TRIODE GRAND CONSOLE

This is the Triode Superhet Chassis in a much larger cabinet and with a 12 in. speaker. The results are magnificent, in fact it is 'radiogram' performance.

18 GNS. cash or on popular payment terms.

BUSH RADIO

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To Bush Radio Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 93),
Power Road, Chiswick, London, W.4

Please send me full details of the Triode Superhet and also receivers from 3/1d. per week.

Name .....

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Post in ½d. unsealed envelope.

THE SYMBOL OF RELIABLE RADIO

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reyds

CANDID Communications

Keep Belgium 'Gallant'

YOU'VE SHOCKED US ALL

MY DEAR KING,—Your adoption of the watchword "Ourselves Alone" for your country shocks me—as it has shocked all Europe.

Of course, from Belgium's own point of view there's a good deal in it—heads you win, tails Britain or France lose, so to speak. Because, should Germany start any aggressive action against you, we and the French would be bound to come to your aid. We could not see a German coastline just across the straits of Dover.

On the other hand, if France is attacked by Germany, you will now be able to sit pretty and watch—as Holland did in the last war.

* * *

At first, I wondered why a constitutional king like you should have made such a declaration himself. Then I found out that your Premier, M. Van Zeeland, wanted it put over with resounding authority. So he pushed the job on to you, because you could speak for the whole nation in a way no politician could.

Naturally, you and your people want to keep out of that "next war" which so many people are getting in the bad habit of regarding as inevitable.

But are you sure you are taking the best way to do so?

No war is inevitable. Bold statesmanship firmly based on collective security can still tame the dictators and keep the peace of Europe.

Your declaration has thrown a monkey wrench into the already damaged cog-wheels of collective security.

* * *

The French are so alarmed that they will probably fortify that Belgian frontier; the last tatters of the Locarno Pact are now not worth salving from the waste-paper basket; the hope of any Western European pact to include Germany recedes into the regions of hopeless optimism.

And—confound it all—I've more than a suspicion that a good deal of your Premier's personal attitude to this matter has its roots in the fact that he can't bear M. Blum's Socialist Government at any price, and dislikes the Franco-Soviet Pact even more.

Tragically enough, for all your efforts, you won't keep Belgium out of that "next war" either. Your country stands right in the way of the Western Powers whenever they start fighting. You can't keep out, except by coming in—to help the work of building true world security.

In your father's day we called your country "Gallant Little Belgium." She is still "Little." Keep her "Gallant."

JOHN BULL.

Dr. WILL'AM HOWARD HAY,
The Man with the Diet

DEAR DR. WILLIAM HOWARD HAY,—
From Press reports, I see you say
That if we but adopt your diet,
We all may live six hundred years!
But don't expect three hearty cheers
From me, for I refuse to try it!
Who, sitting through the centuries,
A diet chart upon his knees
Replete with "Don'ts," would feel in clover?
'Ere I was ninety-nine, I'd yearn—
While forced each favourite dish to spurn—
To get the dreary business over!

JOHN BULL.

Duke of LEINSTER,
Portland Place, London

YOUR GRACE,—I'm sorry to read of your fifth bankruptcy—this time for £139,000 with no assets. But I'm only amused by your explanation of lavish entertaining in the United States on borrowed money for the purpose of winning a rich bride.

It's refreshing to find that the absurdities of musical comedies do happen in real life.

You can't grumble if your American jaunt cost you dearly. Your unlucky creditors have more reason to do that.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. J. BROWN,
Civil Service Clerical Association

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Your name should be David, for you know how to bring down our official Goliaths.

The higher pay you have secured for 3,000 civil servants is your twenty-eighth victory of the kind. The Government's case was argued before the industrial court by seven departmental teams; the men's case was undertaken by you—though all through the long proceedings you were suffering from shingles.

Naturally, I'm glad you have won. The State should be something more than a great employer; it should be a model employer.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. WINIFRED LE SUEUR,
Secretary, Open Door Council

MADAM,—If you did not occupy a position which enables you to express your opinions publicly, I should ignore your contention that the economic status of a single woman is much better than that of a married woman.

You should tell that yarn to the increasing number of single women who find themselves "too old at forty."

In return, they might tell you why there is now an agitation for spinsters' pensions at fifty. JOHN BULL.

LORD MOTTISTONE,
Isle of Wight

DEAR LORD MOTTISTONE,—You won't solve the problem of providing food and clothing for every poor mother and her children by a voluntary "Winter help" scheme run on German lines.

"It should be arranged without any sense of pauperisation," you declare.

Voluntary help means charity; charity implies pauperism. Don't you realise that so vast a task as ensuring sufficient food for all must be tackled by the State, and not left to the charitable few?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. JAMES SEATON,
Bishop of Wakefield

DEAR BISHOP,—You'd better start to touch your toes each morning.

● *Hey, Hay, Call it a Day Broke Again, Duke Bomb the Bishop*

Rearmament, you say, is a grim necessity—so grim that our young men must put themselves in training for "any emergency."

Why pick on the young men? If another war comes even the dignified figures of bishops will not be respected by enemy bombs.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE SINGLETON,
Old Bailey

MY LORD,—After passing the sentence of death on an unmarried mother who killed her baby, you showed great personal distress.

You knew that within forty-eight hours the woman would be reprieved, but that did not lessen the agony of the grim farce. What the nation awaits is a combined condemnation of this cruel stupidity from you and your brethren on the Bench.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ARNOLD WILSON,
M.P. for Hitchin

DEAR SIR ARNOLD,—That radical changes in our legal system are overdue is beyond dispute. It is slow, cumbersome and far too costly.

But I disagree with your plea for a Ministry of Justice that would scrap obsolete laws and convert from chaos to order the vast crop of modern legislation.

We don't want another army of bureaucrats. Surely there are enough of them already to carry out the job!

JOHN BULL.

LORD JUSTICE GREER,
Court of Appeal

MY LORD,—The hard knock the Court of Appeal has given to the police will be welcomed by the public.

In confirming the award of £15 damages to two Liverpool window-cleaners for wrongful arrest, you have clearly defined the law regarding "suspected persons."

In future, maybe, respectable people will be able to take the dog for a walk or stand at a street corner for a few minutes without running the risk of facing the magistrates on a criminal charge.

JOHN BULL.

SEALED LIPS

IT is all being hushed up. Any sort of repercussion might follow if it leaked out. The great tradition of Colchester hospitality might receive a sad dent, for one thing; though it was in no way Colchester's fault that the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, should have been served up on a plate at Colchester's famous Oyster Feast this week.

No one was to blame really. It was just one of those droll misunderstandings of public life such as occurred when Mr. Eden was reported to have said "Boo!" to the Duce—and it was a goose the whole time.

It is supposed that the Prime Minister arrived under his own power. No one saw his triumphal car. There was not even a Chamberlain in attendance. The first incident of the story, as it can now be reconstructed, was when a solid figure accosted one of the attendants on the stairs and silently handed him a card. On it was written, "Is this the way to the feast?"

The attendant hesitated, turned the card over, and read the mysterious words "Withdrawn (signed) Beaverbrook," followed by "Still running (signed) S. Baldwin."

"You want the feast?" said the attendant.

"Mm," said the figure.

AT THE FEAST

By A Very Special Investigator

"The oyster feast?"

"Mm!"

"Pretty mum, aren't you?"

"Mm!"

"Golly, I've got it! You must be a late oyster.. This way, please, and we'll serve you nicely. But . . . your face seems familiar.

"Mm!"

Thus it was that my fourth plate of oysters included one who smoked a pipe and stood up to address me with his hands grasping the lapels of his coat.

"Absurd!" I said, "You're not real. You're just one of those phantasms that appear when the party is well under way."

"Mma, Mma!" protested the Oyster at the Feast.

"Why did you come here?"

"Mm! Mm!"

"Thought you'd have a bit of fun?"

"Mm!"

"But you're in danger!"

"Mm! Mm!"

"So was Sammy Hoare, and see what happened to him?"

"Mm!"

"I see. You mean that nothing really ever happens? And that if it does, it doesn't make much difference?"

"Mm!"

"That's why you are still Prime Minister?"

"Mm!"

At that moment my neighbour said to me—"I notice that you are brooding over the last oyster on your plate. May I have it to break my last year's record?"

"MM! MM!"

"By all means," I said. Had not the Oyster said nothing made much difference?

* * *

So do not be surprised if you see a slight change in the Prime Minister's appearance when Parliament reassembles. But keep quiet about it. World affairs are very delicate just now.

All I did was to slip a Colchester Native out with me, and send it back to Downing Street, so that the number of Ministers would be the same.

It is true that the Colchester Native, unlike the Bewdley Native, has a beard.

But if anyone comments on it, he can laugh it off.

The Wife says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

The wife knows that there is nothing better after a strenuous day than a cup of Fry's Cocoa. It soothes brain and body into a deep, sound sleep, and I wake up ready for another good day's work. Only 5½d. a quarter lb. (net weight).

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J. H. Weymouth.

"I am the fortunate owner of a Lissen Short Wave set and am the subject of much mistrust when I inform my friends that I receive America almost every night. I not only receive America, but Australia—Sidney—every Sunday. I have had the set a month and my log includes XECR Mexico City, W8XAL Cincinnati, W2XAF Schenectady, etc., and numerous European and English stations."

L. B. Harlesden.

"We were 2,500 miles out at noon today and the wireless is going as strong as ever on the medium wave from Toulouse and I can still get Droitwich. We have got the news every night so far. I picked up Cape Town 4 days ago and today it has been fine. It is the best set on board and I am very delighted with it."

A. D. (Chief Engineer) Marianglas.

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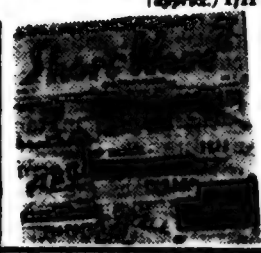

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John Drinkwater's Intimate Diary — The King this Week

He Sees for Himself

THE King's forthcoming visit to the Welsh industrial areas is part of what might be called a "See for Myself" campaign that he has planned.

Since his accession he has made it clear that he does not mean to allow his vastly increased responsibilities to interfere with the close personal concern in problems of social distress that was already characteristic of him as Prince of Wales.

On the contrary, he has lost no opportunity of exercising his new authority towards reforms that are nearer than any other to his heart, and now we may look for a closer application than ever to this noble task that he has set himself.

★ ★ ★

FOR certainly no task could be nobler. For years past every generous mind in the country has agreed that the conditions in which a substantial minority of our people live are a disgrace to a great civilisation and a reproach to every one of us.

And yet, although many ameliorating influences have been at work, nothing effective has been done about it. I believe, in sober reflection, that in the King has been found the man to do it.

His Welsh visit, I hear, will be followed by others to depressed areas up and down the country. It will be no mildly sympathetic tour of inspection, but the Odyssey of a King determined to see the worst that is to be seen in the circumstances of his least fortunate subjects, with the purpose of doing all he can to repair it.

★ ★ ★

HE has already established his method. He now means to intensify it. On previous visits of the kind the King, without any curt disregard for official programmes, has refused to regard welfare centres and other such benevolent enterprises as any real indication of what was going on.

He has made unannounced calls on the afflicted people in their homes, where the courage and distress that he found never failed to stir his indignation.

It was reported that in a room occupied by a family of six, a man, his wife and four children, the King exclaimed "It is deplorable."

In fact, the exclamation was a great deal more emphatic, as anyone who has witnessed these conditions may believe.

★ ★ ★

MANY unemployed families could tell of these unexpected calls, of sympathetic discussion over a cup of tea, of the easy common-sense and tact that wherever he goes makes the King a man among his people.

But what, perhaps, they do not know is that what the King sees he does not forget, and that his friendly good-bye at the door is by no means the end of the matter.

He requires regular weekly reports to be made to him on the districts he has visited, and however busy he may be they receive his close and immediate attention. If the detail seems to him to be inadequate, he asks for it to be amplified.

★ ★ ★

KING EDWARD no more than another man can work miracles, but there is no doubt that the continuous pressure of his mind on this most urgent of problems will hasten action as nothing else could.

And, as I say, he means that pressure to become more and more exacting.

The Welsh visit is to be the beginning of a crusade which not even the preoccupations of the Coronation will be allowed to interrupt. Lord Plymouth, Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorgan, has

The King does not intend to allow his increased responsibilities to interfere with his personal concern for his people

been asked to make provisional arrangements for the Royal itinerary, leaving details of the programme for the King's decision at the time.

I hear that he told one of his advisers that only in this way would it be possible for him to make those close personal contacts with the actual daily life of the workers—or workless—which first and last is his object.

When next May the people rejoice in crowning their King, the most long-suffering of them will know that it is to them, in his great hour as always, that his most solicitous thought is turned.

★ ★ ★

IN the meantime the Coronation itself is providing quite a pretty problem for the authorities, and here again the King is showing his concern for the public, and particularly for that part of the public that is not very affluent.

I think that it was in these notes that attention was first drawn to the question of profiteering in Coronation seats, and now my colleague, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in an admirable letter to the *Times*, supported by a leading article and many letters from prominent people, has indicated the very serious dimensions of the problem.

No matter what accommodation may be provided, it is certain that hundreds of thousands of people eager to see the procession will be unable to do so, but a very great deal more can be done than has yet been arranged, and it is in this respect that the King is taking action.

In an audience at the Palace, Lord Stanhope, First Commissioner of Works, listened to the King's views as to how the seating plans could be largely extended by using every available space on Crown property, the lowest possible prices to be charged in relation to cost.

Difficulties were mentioned. They are not going to be insuperable, and by the King's wish a far bigger crowd will be able to see the procession than at first seemed likely or possible.

This will be a great public benefit, and will go a long way towards putting profiteering in its place.

★ ★ ★

HIS MAJESTY, I learn, has made another very significant suggestion, which is that the Coronation, including parts of the ceremony in the Abbey, should be filmed.

I understand that technical and other objections have been advanced, but I heartily hope that they will not prevail, and I do not think they will.

I cannot see what possible irreverence or impiety there could be in letting the world see the living representation of a supreme historic occasion and in preserving it for posterity.

The newspapers very properly will be allowed to report and photograph the event from the Abbey, and I fail to see any difference between that and a pictorial recording that would inconvenience no one, would probably be unobservable, and would give legitimate delight to millions of people.

★ ★ ★

I AM told that the idea is that two films should be made, one in colour, and one uncoloured for use in case the other proved unsuccessful. I believe that no final decision on the matter will be made for some time to come, but I shall be surprised if the King's proposal is not carried out. It would be a wholly fitting complement to the broadcast address that he will make to the Empire on the evening of Coronation Day.

★ ★ ★

CORONATION Day will, incidentally, be a great day for the gunners. At daybreak a salute of twenty-one guns will be fired in Hyde Park and forty-one at the Tower of London.

Similar salvoes will be fired when the King leaves Buckingham Palace and on his arrival at the Abbey, while the actual moment of Coronation will be announced by forty-one in the Park and sixty-two from the Tower.

This last salute is fired when a Sovereign is crowned and on no other occasion.

A friend knowledgeable in these matters tells me that during the day four hundred and thirteen rounds in all will be fired, and we shall all pray that it will be a long generation before the country hears a like salute again.

★ ★ ★

I QUOTE from a letter: "I regard your suggestion that troops at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day should not carry arms, as a good one. As an ex-soldier and one who has been on many occasions present at parade at the Cenotaph on November 11, I feel sure that many ex-soldiers will heartily agree with you"

Which, with humble submission as they say in the law courts, I commend to the authorities.

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One of the Jarrow marchers saying good-bye before setting out in the march that should leave an indelible mark across the conscience of Britain

Accusing Footsteps

THE two hundred working men of Jarrow who are completing their long tramp from the Tyne to the Thames will have a sympathetic welcome from the people of London. But they will not have a sympathetic welcome from the Government.

They are warned that their action is not "constitutional," that Ministers cannot consent to receive a deputation from their ranks. There is no intention, as the Mayor of Jarrow says, of "interviewing Cabinet Ministers or the Government." The object of the march is to present a petition at the Bar of the House of Commons when Parliament reassembles next week—and arrangements have already been made for this to be done.

The Cabinet's discouragement of the marchers is one more proof that the Government is gravely out of touch with the feelings of the country. The pathos of this pilgrimage through the length of the land of the derelict of industry has profoundly moved the nation.

And this for abundant reason. This is no political or propagandist demonstration, engineered with an eye to creating revolutionary feeling either from the Right or the Left. It has nothing to do with Fascism or Communism or any other "ism."

It is a cry from the abyss, a desperate gesture by the victims of a great human tragedy to awaken the nation to their fate and the urgency of relief measures.

If they had been stricken by plague or had seen their homes wrecked by earthquake there would be no need for their cry. The whole country would go to the rescue. The Government itself would go to the rescue. There would be Mansion House funds and organised relief measures without limit and without delay.

* * *

BUT Jarrow has not been stricken by plague or wrecked by earthquake. It has been desolated by an affliction worse in its effects than either. Even from the dismal swamp of the depressed areas, the case of Jarrow stands out in stark and unredeemed misery.

Here is a town of over 30,000 people which up to a dozen years or so ago had been a centre of prosperous industry, its factories busy, its workmen employed, its social activities in full swing.

Upon this community the industrial depression has fallen like a wave of poison gas. It has become a town of dead or dying industries, its streets thronged with unemployed, its homes kept bleakly together by the "dole," its children coming out of the school into a world where there is nothing for them to do but to join their elders in idleness on the kerbstones.

Multitudes of the men have not known what it is to be in regular employment for years. Multitudes of the youths have never been in employment. The human agony of such stagnation cannot be conceived. The human deterioration that idleness and hopelessness bring is plain to the dullest mind.

It is that hopelessness which is the most grievous thing to bear. There is hope elsewhere. Trade is reviving, and in southern England great new industries are springing into life and covering the green fields with bricks and mortar.

But no waft of the revival comes to Jarrow. Even the stimulus that has come to so many industrial towns from the re-armament policy provides no grist for Jarrow's mill, and the schemes of redemption so chivalrously attempted by a Surrey magnate have failed to get any practical backing from the Government. In a word, Jarrow is left to perish

It is in these circumstances that the march on London was conceived. If ever there was a case for an "SOS" it is this. If it is permissible to broadcast all England that some person is dying it is not unreasonable to broadcast all England that a whole community is dying, but dying in the worst of all possible ways—by slow exhaustion.

That is the meaning of the march and the proposed presentation of a petition at the Bar of the House next week. It is a broadcast to the country.

Nothing could be less provocative or offensive than the spirit in which the idea has been carried out. The enterprise had the benediction of all religious denominations, of the Mayor of Jarrow and of all the responsible leaders of the community. The marchers, in fact, are in a very real sense the ambassadors of a people in dire distress who seek in this way to call the attention of the nation to their condition.

* * *

AND the public everywhere has recognised this. Wherever the procession has appeared in its long march of nearly 300 miles it has been received with sympathy and respect, often by the civic authorities, and always provided with such rough accommodation as it required.

It is regrettable that the Government's attitude has not been equally sympathetic and cordial. Let us give full weight to the consideration on which they have acted.

Some of the marches on London have been propagandist and political enterprises, and the public would agree that this form of demonstration if widely practised would become undesirable and might become a nuisance. And it will be agreed that Cabinet Ministers whose days are crowded with multitudinous duties cannot be expected to receive any or every deputation that claims an interview.

But however necessary general regulation in these matters may be, it should leave a margin for humanity. It should not give the impression that the Government is indifferent to the tragedy of a sorely afflicted community, or that it takes refuge in solemn phrases about the "Constitution" when the plain human instinct, faced with misery, is not to stand on legal ceremony, but to listen and, if possible, relieve.

* * *

WHY should not that SOS from stricken Jarrow be broadcast to the nation? I see no reason against. I see the most urgent reasons for

Nor, if the organisers desire it, is there any good ground for refusing a deputation access to the appropriate Minister. Duly accredited deputations to Ministers are common enough.

No powerful interest, threatened with legislation affecting it, is forbidden to lay its case before the departmental head. It is not told that the theory of the "Constitution" and Parliamentary practice does not permit such things. It asks to see the Minister and it sees him as a matter of course. It is true that it has not walked a matter of nearly 300 miles to present its case. It probably comes in a comfortable car.

But why should the marchers of Jarrow be "shoo-ed" off because they have come so far on foot, because they are poor and simple men? They bring an urgent message from a people in despair. They bring it to the only tribunal to which they are entitled to look for help. They have the best credentials, for they speak in the name of a perishing community.

Despite the cold indifference of the Cabinet they will present their case at the Bar of the House. And, despite the Cabinet, the House and the nation alike will receive it with respect and sympathy. Something may even at the last be done to redress the tragedy of Jarrow.

Politics and You

Farm Folk's Festival

IN a few days 800,000 farm-workers celebrate a harvest festival of their own. Under an Act passed in the Spring they qualify for unemployment benefit—more than twenty years after the system was first introduced.

* * *

For the past six months each has been contributing up to 4½d. a week. So what they draw is no sort of "dole," but an insurance benefit for which all are paying.

When out of work, of age and married, they draw 21s. a week, plus 3s. for each child. If there are more than three children, the family goes short. The maximum benefit is 30s.

Why? Because the average wage of an agricultural worker is only 30s. 11d. a week—shockingly low for a highly skilled job. And the Government could not pay him more out of work than he could earn in work.

The remedy: Raise agricultural wages all round and don't skimp benefits. The farmers are getting quite enough of our millions in bounties and subsidies to pass some on to their workpeople—if only they run their businesses on sound lines.

Yet, in spite of all these Government bribes, farmers allow land to go out of cultivation—another 84,000 acres went derelict last year. Less corn, barley, swedes, turnips and potatoes were grown. Fewer cattle, sheep and lambs were reared.

* * *

Minister of Agriculture Walter Elliot needs to scratch his head and think over his policy again!

P.S.—The Government takes a lot of credit for including farm-workers for unemployment benefit. It needn't. The Bill was the result of long Labour pressure and agitation, though why neither Labour Government passed it only Labour can tell.

OFF TO WORK

"START work on Monday." These words were sweet music, recently, to the Ayrshire miner to whom they were addressed.

True, it would mean working up to the knees in water, but what are disadvantages like that when there's a family to keep, and a man has been unemployed six months?

He scraped together the money to buy a brand-new kit, including boots that could defy any flood, and soon his first wage-packet was in his wife's hands.

Then, on a night four days later, something happened to destroy his new-found happiness.

An overpowering smell of burning brought him hurrying to the kitchen to find that his new clothes, which his wife had stretched before the fire to dry, were on fire. Even his new boots were too much damaged to be wearable.

"It's going to be a hard struggle to replace them," he told his wife despairingly, as they surveyed the charred fragments

And so it seemed until—just as the problem seemed unsolvable—a JOHN BULL cheque dropped through his door, our payment to cover his loss because he had been wise enough to qualify for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

We lifted the load from his mind because he had signed the coupon which is reprinted for your benefit on page 46. Why not turn to it now, and qualify with a dash of the pen for the same generous protection?

BL The British Library

Not guilty — of "TIRED SKIN"

HERE'S MY DAUGHTER COME TO FETCH US TO LUNCH.
BARBARA, I DIDN'T RECOGNISE YOU.
COURT
OWN UP- WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO LOOK SO DIFFERENT?
AM I IN THE WITNESS BOX?
YOU LOOK LOVELIER THAN I'VE EVER SEEN YOU!
I USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE SOAP NOW MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR.
A MONTH LATER
BARBARA- I'M GOING TO PLEAD MY CASE NOW. WILL YOU MARRY ME?

There's no attraction to compare with a lovely skin—and none that's so easy to gain. City air and city grime can take much of the life and loveliness from your complexion. Don't wait for "tired skin." Start the simple Knight's Castile beauty treatment now. Knight's Castile will stimulate your skin back to natural, glowing loveliness. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face! Fourpence per tablet.

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. . SOME FELL by the WAYSIDE

"They drift—enter worse poverty—then the police . . ."

DAY by day there straggles into London a pathetic company of adventurers.

They are young women, lads and men who have journeyed by devious ways from the industrial North, South Wales and the Midlands in the hope of finding work and happiness in the prosperity of the capital.

At home there is nothing for them. They are tired of idleness. They have spirit. They mean to make good. London is their magnet.

Many are fortunate. The carefully planned efforts by special organisations, established to deal with this flow of emigration into the metropolis, provide them with the opportunity they are seeking. They secure employment and for the first time in their lives they are earning money.

Yet to others the change to London brings only intolerable hardship. In many instances they are far, far worse off than if they had remained at home. Instead of a haven they have entered a new poverty, which has to be faced in loneliness severed from relatives and friends.

The girls suffer most. Pitiful stories have been brought to the notice of JOHN BULL of the scandalous treatment imposed on unfortunate young women and girls from the depressed areas.

The Ministry of Labour, by its scheme for transferring workers, has effected an immense improvement in the lot of this feminine army.

Yet there are still hundreds of girls who venture into London through the medium of undesirable registry offices. They come to posts in domestic service, but that service is often slavery.

No Names

HERE are actual instances taken from well-authenticated records, of things that can happen to these daughters of the depressed areas; girls from Durham, Northumberland, and the grim, mine-scarred valleys of South Wales.

Names are not given. That would be unfair, for now the girls have been rescued. They have been sent back to their parents, and are trying to live down the memory of their purgatory.

A girl from Durham came through an advertisement to a house in a substantial northern suburb. Her employers were people in good circumstances; their house was roomy and well furnished. They treated their dogs well, but they made that fellow human being sleep in a cupboard—it was no more—without light and proper ventilation.

Her food was of the poorest quality and totally insufficient in quantity. When she protested she was whipped by her mistress, and brought before a bullying master, who stormed and threatened until she was terrorised.

Eventually she gave notice. Then the mistress seized the girl's trunk, and locked it away. The little drudge had only the clothes in which she stood up in. She had no change of underclothing. Even her outdoor garments were impounded. She was forced to stay in that veritable prison house until she had paid back the sum of 27s. 6d. which her mistress had advanced for her fare.

The following in brief is the experience of a Welsh girl aged fifteen: Father unemployed for years. The girl decided she would relieve the burden of the home by securing a servant's post in London. She obtained employment through a newspaper advertisement. Her employers were foreigners and people of colour, and their conversation highly unsavoury. Food was uneatable.

Full of courage, this child of fifteen found another situation. The house to which she went was respectable, but she was kept at work often for fourteen hours a day. So she ran away.

She found her way to Paddington Station. She had no money. She just tramped to Paddington as the link with Wales and home. She took refuge in the waiting-room. There she was discovered by a kindly railway inspector, and to him—the only friend she had met up to then in London—she sobbed out her pitiful story. The girl was passed over to a social worker; one of those kindly women who supervise the welfare of girls on behalf of the National Vigilance Association.

Child aged fourteen came from Sunderland to London to be a general servant. She arrived at King's Cross Station at 7.40 in the evening, and was met by her prospective mistress. The latter, when she saw the girl, point-blank refused to take her home. She said that she had been promised by a registry office a tall, strong girl of sixteen, and this child was neither.

Flood Of Tears

IT was a painful scene on the platform, with the child in floods of tears. The callousness of the mistress was incredible. She would not accept the child, nor would she give her any money. The girl was penniless.

"What shall I do; oh, what shall I do," she cried to the woman who had engaged her and brought her to London. "That is none of my business," retorted the woman, "I am not going to take you. I don't mind what happens to you."

Again, the National Vigilance Association intervened. They took charge of the child, and found her accommodation until she could be returned safely to her parents.

That case is by no means an extreme one. Often it happens that an employer who has booked a servant from the North or Wales will turn the girl away and leave her stranded as soon as she sees her.

Enquiries into this domestic servant traffic in girls from the depressed areas reveal a particularly undesirable custom among a certain class of employer.

A girl comes up to her first situation. She has little or no money and owes her mistress for her fare. Probably she is short of clothes.

The mistress cuts part of the girl's wages to pay the fare—which in itself makes the position of that girl difficult; but, in addition, persuasion or pressure is brought to bear on the girl to buy clothes from the mistress, who may herself be engaged in the clothing business.

Net result, the girl is always in debt to her mistress, and to that extent ceases to be a free agent. However unsuitable the place, the girl cannot and dare not seek another.

Chained

SHE is bound by the chain of her debt, and must put up with indignities and harshness, having no means of escape.

Girl runaways from cruel domestic situations are not always fortunate enough to form contact with sympathetic helpers.

They drift—it is so fatally easy—into undesirable companionship and become completely lost to their relatives.

A fair proportion of the girls known to the police, particularly in the Edgware Road district of London, are natives of the North-East Coast and of Wales.

The struggle has been too great for them. They have given up and have fallen victims to the harpies of the vice trade.

A pitiful ending to their pilgrimage, and a stain on the nation that allows such things to happen.

Wicked Gamble for Wives

EVER since he handled the Betting Pools controversy Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Under-Secretary for Home Affairs, seems to have been appointed unpicker-in-chief of the nation's gambling laws tangle.

Therefore he must be familiar with the racket of the automatic gambling machines—"fruit" machines, "tote" machines and all their pernicious offspring.

We propose to familiarise him with a new development of this racket.

This is the widespread extension of the gambling machine field in order to rope in the housekeeping money of the housewives.

As the cheaper class of night club has lost its clientele and died out, the gambling machine promoters have had to look around for new sites for their machines and another public to exploit. They have found both.

* * *

The sites are in the hundreds of so-called "social" clubs for women which are springing up in the suburbs of London and most of the towns in the provinces.

The gamblers are housewives, who are falling for these mechanical lures just as completely as the West End night club patrons. The difference is that the victim is a little less sophisticated, and the money lost is often ill-spared housekeeping funds.

Of course, the gambling machine owners are not making their profits in shillings and florins in this field. The coin slots and mechanism of the machines have been adjusted to take pennies.

But although the harvest is only in pennies the promoters are making plenty out of these women's social clubs.

* * *

So much so that in one case brought to our notice a coin machine firm has financed the furnishing and the launching of at least three of these clubs.

Each machine makes a minimum profit of £4 a week. In some of these women's clubs with a membership of a hundred or so each machine swallows £10 of housekeeping money a week.

There are now more than 800 of these clubs catering almost exclusively for women. Some call themselves "sports" clubs or "social" clubs, others merely take the name of the locality in which they are established. They are a good thing and fill a social need as much as the working men's clubs—if it were not for these infernal machines.

On one day you find the Swansea Bench inflicting heavy fines and ordering the destruction of "fruit" machines seized in a café raid; while, the same day London magistrates were imposing a nominal penalty in a similar case and releasing the machines to their owners.

In most cases the fines are laughable compared with the money made out of these gambling machines. One firm which installs batches of them in clubs and other places was up before West London magistrates recently and was convicted, it was stated, *for the thirty-second occasion.*

Another firm frankly operates the machines in public in a Midlands area where the magistrates seldom make an order for confiscating the machines. It takes shop premises for a while, installs the machines, and reaps an enormous harvest of pennies from the housewives' purse by offering prizes of grocery parcels, legs of ham, children's clothing, etc., to be gambled for.

* * *

When at length the police step in the promoters gaily pay the small fine and go off to the next town with their machines—to start all over again.

We hope that Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd will be able to do something with regard to these pernicious gambling machines. He has *not* been afraid to touch other aspects of the subject.

EAT MORE OFTEN..

'NOT MORE FOOD, BUT MORE FREQUENT FOOD'

say the doctors

WHEN the children come asking for things 'between meals,' their instincts are sound. Nature keeps their young bodies in constant rebellion against the old 3-meal-a-day convention in which we, our parents and our grandparents were brought up—and which modern physiologists have now proved to be quite wrong.

People work better and feel fitter if, without increasing the total amount consumed, they eat at more frequent intervals. That, in brief, is what eminent medical research workers have recently discovered.★ The 'between-meals snack' is not only wise but necessary for those who are making use of physical or mental energy all day long. The snack — what kind? No, anything will *not* do. It must be something with a high energy value, and at the same time be a balanced food ; *and* convenient, so that it does not interfere with the day's work. Cadburys Milk Chocolate, for instance. This has the energy-giving nourishment of the cocoa bean and pure sugar, *plus* that of pure rich British milk — a glass and a half to each ½ lb. block.

★ *For an account of some of the interesting experiments made, see the article on 'Diet and Physical Efficiency' in the British Medical Journal, November 30th, 1935, p. 1047.*

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SWAFFER

Thinks Aloud About the Labour Party

I CAME away from the Labour Conference at Edinburgh in a train that took me through miles and miles of distressed areas for which there seemed no hope, through towns suddenly busy making arms for a war that all Europe dreaded.

As I travelled, I wondered what Labour was going to do, when it would make up its mind, when there would emerge a powerful leader who would sway the masses and bring unity.

For a week Labour's delegates had met at Edinburgh expressing discordant views about what to do in Spain, at sixes and sevens over an Arms policy. It was disturbing.

Yet, as I journeyed, I passed through town after town which Labour's idealism had transformed from Slumdom into what are comparatively garden cities. I went by factory after factory, mine after mine, where the workers, because of a century of trade union effort, now enjoyed freedom instead of slavery, and, in comparison with their pre-war plight, were well paid and contented.

☆ ★ ☆

"LABOUR has done so much," I reflected. "It needs to-day only strong leadership and a short programme which the man-in-the-street can understand to gain for it support from millions who see the present Government heading them into war, taking part in an Arms Race which, if it does not lead to a European conflict, will, unless it is checked, land us all in bankruptcy."

But when seeking an alternative Government in place of the one which has brought this country to a plight in which it is digging dug-outs and buying gas-masks for its cats and dogs, these people ask "What does Labour want?"

The Edinburgh conference, in the opinion of the mast, left that question unanswered.

I did not mind the free speaking I heard. Labour, anyway, has its arguments in the open. It is frank. It allows open discussion. Liberals and Tories argue quite as much, but behind closed shutters.

At Margate, the Tories passed a Dear Food resolution, against the Cabinet's advice—and with only one dissentient! Twice, indeed, the platform was beaten—and by preponderating majorities. The present Cabinet is split on every vital foreign issue. They keep it as quiet as they can—but the whispers come through the doors. As for Liberalism, its quarrels have killed it.

Labour is the only alternative. "But what does it want?" That is what the public asks.

abour's propagandists have printed admirable pamphlets by the score. But few read them. Thousands of speeches are made, week after week. But they are made chiefly to Labour followers.

"Where are Labour's leaders?" ask thousands who would favour an alternative Government. "And what is Labour's programme?"

Labour lacks to-day leaders who, like George Lansbury, can draw thousands to hear them, men who stand out as personalities, whom everybody knows. I have often spoken with G. L. I have seen the way in which he has swayed great gatherings, won respect and esteem—yes, even affection, from opponents.

While Labour could fill all the great offices of State to-morrow with statesmen, who, almost man for man, would be an improvement on the present Government, it lacks leaders who can capture the public imagination and by oratory, personality and decision make people follow. Will Clement Attlee emerge into a national figure of the first importance? Or will Labour turn elsewhere?

Would Labour again trust a vigorous leader? After what it calls Ramsay's "treachery," it is still suspicious. If Attlee were replaced, who would succeed him?

Ernest Bevin, in a public speech at Edinburgh, revealed qualities of statesmanship which may, one day, give him that authority in the world of politics which he has long had in industrial affairs. So far, however, he has not entered Parliament.

Even if he did, would his forceful manner appeal to those Liberal-minded people upon whose votes Labour must depend if it is to win a majority of the electors? Before he could lead, however, he would have to free himself from his great responsibilities in trade unionism and mix more with the political rank and file of the Labour Party. He is now too aggressive in his mien.

Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison, Hugh Dalton, Stafford Cripps, and C. R. Attlee. "Labour," Swaffer here tells them, "must convince the country of real unity—it may then sweep the country"

In London, Herbert Morrison is famous as the greatest municipal statesman the metropolis has ever known. Unfortunately, his duties at County Hall have chained him too much to his desk.

Within his own Party, he is universally respected. To the general public outside London and its vicinity, however, he is, at the moment, little more than a name. Besides, he must run London. He has one of the biggest jobs in the land.

As for Hugh Dalton, forceful as he is, his obvious ambitions are in the world of foreign politics, where, under Arthur Henderson, he did splendid work and learned enough to make him a serious challenge to the Hoares and Edens.

☆ ★ ☆

THEN, too, what is Labour's programme?

Why cannot Labour set it down, in five or six lines?

Philip Snowden once boasted that he had never read "Labour and the Nation," which was the most idealistic political programme ever written down by a Party. "Socialism and Peace," which is now Labour's official outline of policy, is not short enough. It is the most complete and most constructive statement ever put before an electorate. But few have read it.

People have neither the time nor the patience to read long documents. They want a cry. They want a phrase that is challenging, something they can shout, a slogan which will rally and inspire them.

Public conferences always dishearten me. You see there the differences. But when, leaving them, I go immediately among the rank and file in the divisions, I am re-inspired. I see there the earnest work of the little people who labour on, year after year, trying to build up a better world. They are the soul of the Party. They are the hope of England. While they remain, it is certain that, one day, Labour's dreams will be realised.

But strong leadership is now needed—and a short programme must be written down.

☆ ★ ☆

LEFT Wing delegates—they numbered scores and scores—left Edinburgh disheartened because the card vote of the big unions defeated them time after time.

They do not understand that, unless they can convert the trade unionists and Co-operators upon whose votes they depend for all their splendid work in the municipalities, they have failed in their first object. If the trade unions vote against them at Labour conferences they will not convince the rest of the country for generations.

That will be their own fault.

Labour must convince the country of real unity, a union of Dalton, Morrison and Bevin, with the solid support of the Greenwoods and the Alexanders, the Socialists, the trade unionists and the Co-operative Movement pulling the same way. When it has done that, it may sweep the country.

To-day, if there were a General Election, it would vote, when voting Tory, for Armaments, for Protection, for straight finance with no imagination or ideas, for Big Business, which so many admire.

But to millions of people, Socialist plans are far-away dreams. I, who know them to be practical measures, want the most vital ones, *the things Labour would do first*, written down in a few short words that all could understand.

JUST A HUMAN STORY

EVERY man who recalls the joy of that first introduction to his own baby will remember, too, the awful strain of waiting for that transcending pleasure.

He was probably late at his job, sometimes. Maybe stayed away once or twice, on the most anxious days. Good firms usually understand.

But while that may be all right for men who live at home, what about twenty-four-year old Daniel Muir, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, who received news of great expectations in a letter from his wife?

It filled him with a turmoil of hopes and fears, the latter all the more acute since she was not "on the strength" and lived many, many miles away in London.

All the time he was on the parade ground he worried, wondering how she was faring. His leisure hours were an even worse torment. It isn't easy to thwart human instinct—least of all the protective instinct.

She couldn't come to him, and there was only one way—Army discipline being what it is—to go to her. And so it came about, one day, that Daniel's feet led him irresistibly towards the railway station. He booked for London, came on her unexpectedly, gathered her up joyously.

And didn't go back until his baby was safely in his arms.

"I understand I have been posted as a deserter," he told them, in giving himself up voluntarily. Not a word about the fact that he risked his life saving an unknown woman from the Thames during his weeks of waiting.

"I felt going to my wife was my duty," he said, when face to face with the brisk formality of a court-martial.

Perhaps they saw his point much better than they would admit. They refused to find him guilty of desertion, reducing the charge to "absence without leave." The sentence of the court was 28 days' detention.

Fusilier Daniel Muir will "do it or his head"—remembering his wife, the babe, and the woman whose life he saved.

THE EVIL

Jew-baiting has spread beyond any Fascist political organisation.

Normal, decent people are engaging in it and voicing openly their sentiments.

They quote indignantly cases accepted without question of alleged bad Jewish landlords and bad Jewish employers, forgetting there are equally bad English landlords and employers.

It all arises from the "Blackshirt" propaganda, the nightly pouring of scorn and derision on the Jewish race.

And this carefully instilled wave of anti-emitism has turned half of Bethnal Green and Stepney into a territory of creeping, increasing fear and torment.

GRIM TERROR *in the Ea*

THIS is the story of *any night* in that square mile of East End London which is now a Terror Land for Jews.

It is a plain picture of what lies behind the fantastic yet terrible anti-Semitic cloud which is making life poisonous in London's main ghetto.

All that is set down here is from observation after many nights of investigation among the big and little streets of Bethnal Green and Stepney, and from definite statements

Everything that has happened recently in the East End can be traced back to the onset of intensive Fascist propaganda. That propaganda began the Terror.

Mass Hysteria

Now the fire is spreading, and is rapidly becoming a racial battle of Christian against Jew. Many of the most recent attacks on Jewish people cannot fairly be ascribed to Blackshirt members. Rein is being given to private, secret vengeance between individuals.

Something of East End geography should be known to understand the situation.

The Land of the Terror is a rough square. Its boundary on the north is Green Street, Bethnal Green, and on the south Commercial road and Commercial Road East. The sides are Cambridge Road to the west and Grove Road and Burdett Road to the east. A population of more than 100,000 people lives in that area, nearly half being Jews.

Broadly, the Green Street end is strongly Fascist—the strength of the Blackshirt influence here is surprising—while the Stepney side is predominantly Jewish. In Bethnal Green most of the open street-fighting has taken place. In Stepney the majority of Jewish home raiding has occurred.

Over the whole district a state of tension exists, mounting to the point of mass hysteria. The cliché "living on the crater of a volcano" is absolutely true applied to this part of London.

I sat one recent evening in the office of an East End borough council, and heard a deputation of three well-dressed, educated young Jews plead with the Mayor for official blessing to assist the formation of Jewish protection squads.

The proposal, made in all seriousness, was that parties of Jewish men, each a dozen strong, should be sent out in the streets at night "to safeguard the lives and property of our own Jewish people."

"We cannot possibly stand it any longer, these things which are happening," declaimed the leader of the deputation. "We must take some action in self-defence. The police is not sufficient."

For that crazy protection project—which would bring inevitable retaliation as well as difficulty with the police—these Jews wanted *the support of the chief magistrate of their borough*. The scheme indicates the condition of their nerves.

Yet in face of wise counsel the young Jews are doing this—enrolling what they like to call their own "special constables."

Mrs. H. Roberts, the Mayor of Stepney, has in her parlour at the Town Hall, Cable Street, a sinister armoury—weapons used in attacks on Jewish homes, and left behind when the raiders ran as the alarm was raised.

"Black Museum"

There are some hideous implements among the collection—pokers sharpened to a stabbing-point, spiked iron bars, mallets and rough-hewn clubs.

Members of the Fascist movement can also show an assortment of instruments—knuckle-dusters, wire-bound clubs, knives, and the like used in counter-attack by the Jewish faction.

Another similar "black museum" is held by the Jewish People's Council of Commercial Road. Each one of these weapons is the exhibit in a case of brutal injury inflicted on a Jew.

The assailants are seldom caught. Indeed, it is difficult to see how they can be, for they work so quickly and by well-devised plan.

When the shop windows of fourteen Jewish traders in Mile End Road were smashed and the window stock scattered, the whole work was carried out in less than five minutes by a running band of youths. Shops carrying English names were missed; only the Jewish shops were picked over a distance of about three hundred yards.

Beaten Up

At Stepney Green there is a mammoth block of tenements. There was a concerted onslaught on these buildings. Three bands of men ran up different staircases, and on each Jewish tenants were beaten up. Before the police came on the scene the invaders had scattered. To identify them or to find them was a hopeless proposition.

Molestation takes place in the open street as well. A Jew alone in any of the narrow byways of Terror Land should take to his heels and run to a better-lighted, crowded thoroughfare if he sees in the offing a stealthy moving quartet of strangers.

There have been many instances of Jewish people knocked down by a sudden blow from a "kosh" and left in the gutter.

Of course, the attacks are not all on one side. "Blackshirts," and sympathisers with their movement, have suffered in a similar way. The surgeries of East End doctors and the out-patient departments of the hospitals bear witness to the constant casualties in this underground form of racial warfare.

Another phase of the campaign affects principally women and children. This is the "bombardment" of houses at night.

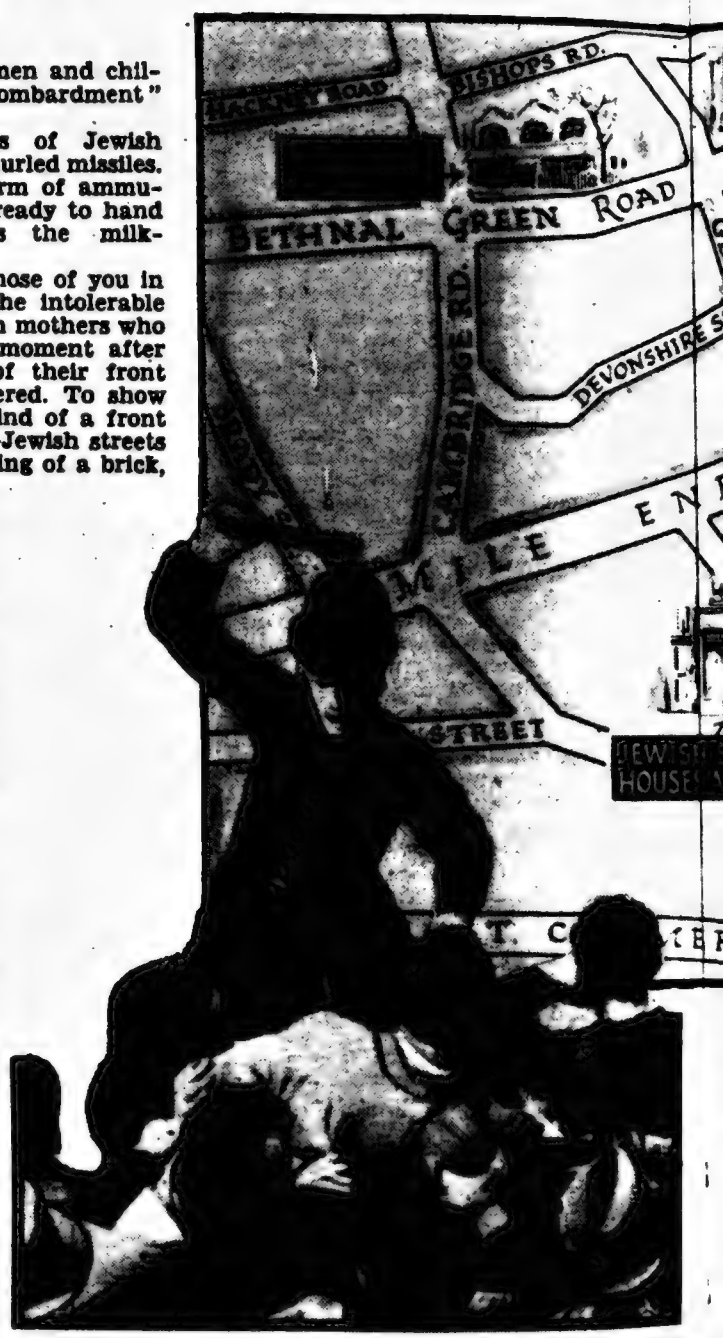
Scores of windows of Jewish houses are broken by hurled missiles. The most common form of ammunition—because it is ready to hand outside the door—is the milk-bottle.

Try and imagine, those of you in "safe" homesteads, the intolerable strain upon the Jewish mothers who realise that, at any moment after dark, the windows of their front rooms may be shattered. To show a light behind the blind of a front parlour in certain all-Jewish streets is to invite the throwing of a brick, a lump of metal or a bottle. By these methods fear is bred. There is no refuge for these Jewish people.

Even Jewish children are beset and persecuted on their way between school and home by lads in their 'teens, who, listening at open-air meetings, have absorbed the anti-Jewish teaching.

In the streets most open to onslaught sentries are now posted. Each has his turn of duty. He marches his beat, keeping watch, ready to sound the alarm and bring the families to their doors in self-protection at the slightest sign of any suspicious visitors. The sentry vigil carries on until the morning.

Obviously, it is impossible for the police to guard all the interminable side-streets of Bethnal Green and Stepney where the Jews live. The police cannot be everywhere.



Five hundred police are on duty in the danger zone of Terror Land every night, and another 500 are in reserve for emergencies. Yet that number is insufficient to cover any street where outbreaks may occur *at any time* from eight o'clock at night until daybreak. So the raids, the attacks on people and the damaging of property continue.

Warning

Yet a further, much-practised form of intimidation is the hastily scrawled message of warning. It is written—as I have seen—on the front of a Jewish house—words such as these: "It's your blood we want," with a host of variations, like "Get out or you'll suffer," "Beware, you dirty Yids."

This sorry kind of Jew-baiting is carried out particularly on tradesmen. Quite common to find in the morning a shop-front plastered with printed transfers reading: "Jewish. Don't buy here," or "Don't trade with the Jews."

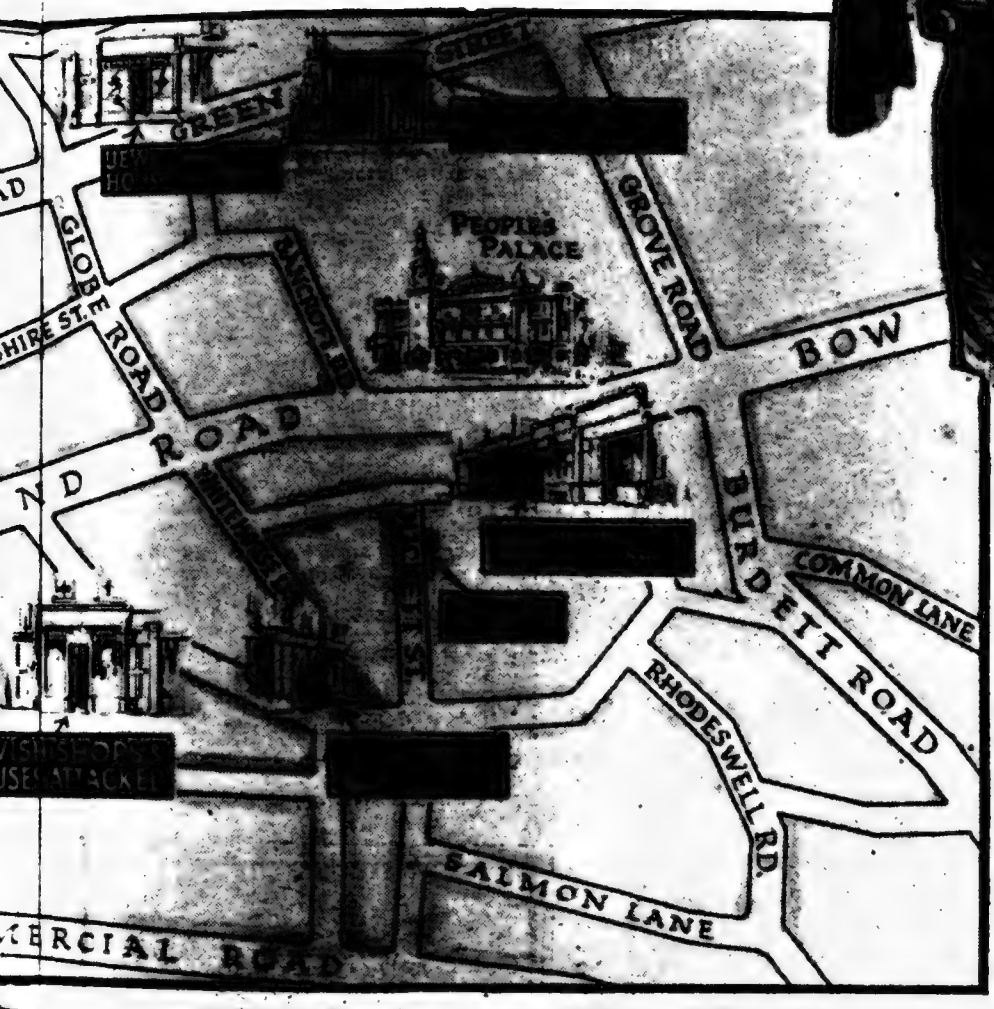
Customers going to Jewish shops are frequently stopped by men, and told it would be far better for them if they did not patronise that shop. Systematic efforts are undoubtedly being made to foment a complete boycott of Jewish traders.

Cases reported to the local authorities show that Jewish street sellers frequently have their barrows overturned and their stock scattered across the street.

Quite an ordinary thing to see at night Jews hustled off the pavement and made to walk in the roadway. They are abused as they pass and spat upon. I have seen that happen. A motor car, known to belong to a Jew, left for a while standing in Bethnal Green, is soon scrawled across with abusive anti-Jew slogans.

Frankly, it is impossible for the Jewish community to live under conditions of this kind. Every-day existence becomes a torment, with

R *by* NIGHT
ast End



by Stanley Bishop

"John Bull" Special Investigator

danger and insult lurking at the corner.

Actually, London is on the verge of highly dangerous gangster conflict in this small section of the East End, which is brewing a cauldron of vindictiveness.

There has been an importation of undesirable elements from all parts. Racecourse "thugs" have been sent down, supplied from some outside source with money, to obstruct the police when there is any large meeting assembly, and to hustle the "Blackshirts."

A number of men, known to the police by conviction or reputation, are in Bethnal Green and Stepney most nights of the week.

Normally their haunts are the West End of London or the dog-racing tracks.

Detectives have been detailed to keep observation on these "imports" of whatever colour.

News spreads quickly in Terror Land. There is a sort of whisper service.

Conversations, in which strong sentiments may be expressed, are reported to the appropriate headquarters.

I can quote an example of this: I was with a reporter of a national newspaper, listening to an open-air meeting. The reporter was telling me exactly what he thought and felt. Later that night we were together in Green Street, Bethnal Green, when the reporter was tackled by a "Blackshirt" officer. Exactly what he had said was repeated in substance, and he was asked to explain what he meant—was he anti-"Blackshirt" or not?

Someone in the crowd had listened in to the conversation. The reporter was known. He was thought to be a fit object for the whisper intelligence service. He was required to make his explanation.

Main Centres

Let me give some bare idea of "just an ordinary night" in Terror Land. No big meeting or march is in prospect; the night is one of routine.

Main centre points of interest are outside the "Salmon and Ball" public-house in Cambridge Road and Victoria Park Square, Green Street.

These places are where the principal nightly meetings are held, beginning at about eight o'clock and carrying on until ten.

An interminable sequence of meetings—Blackshirt, Communist (Red), "Blue and White" (the Jewish ex-Servicemen's association), plain Socialist, and even Greenshirt (the Social Credit advocates).

Huge crowds gather. The people drift from one meeting to another.

Blatant anti-Jewish talk at the Blackshirt meeting; flaming anti-Fascist and anti-Mosley eloquence from the Communists and the Jews; with the Greenshirt meeting rather a comic pandemonium.

Just Waiting . .

So bitter feelings are aroused. The speeches have an under-current of incitement.

Remarkable, but the most orderly of the meetings are those of the "Blackshirts." There is little heckling, whereas speakers at other meetings have difficulty often in securing a hearing

I have seen the "Blackshirts" march back after a meeting to their office in Green Street, with the crowd, six deep on the pavement, cheering them and giving the Fascist salute.

Of course, the Fascists are a practised, disciplined body. Their meetings are packed. The whole affair is arranged beforehand as a publicity stunt.

Down Green Street, while the different meetings are in progress, police in couples have been placed every hundred yards, ready for anything. There is a constant passing to and fro of police motor wagons filled with uniform men, carrying reserves and reliefs. Ambulances drive by.

The whole atmosphere can best be described as "waiting for trouble."

At the police-stations in Arbour Square, on the Stepney side, and in Bethnal Green Road, hundreds of policemen are in quarters, with a glut of motor vehicles to carry them to any danger-place. Mounted police in addition, their horses picketed in the station yards.

The police are exceptionally good and tactful, but really the ordinary constable is getting thoroughly tired of the whole complex affair. He has cause to be tired. Days off to him are almost forgotten privileges. There are some policemen in the district who have not had a day off for more than two months, and are working overtime at that.

Most of the burden of extra duty has been thrown on the men of "H," "K" and "G" divisions, but now men are being drafted in for this front-line duty from all the divisions of the Metropolitan Police in turn.

Practically every night, when the meetings end, the mounted police are summoned to disperse the crowds. You find the police cavalry riding into the people on pavement and roadway. They are booed and hooted.

Often on the fringe of a meeting or in a main street arises that ominous, deep-throated chant of the "Blackshirts," "The Yids. The Yids. We mean to get rid of the Yids," followed by the call, "We want Mosley."

Normally it is only at their own meetings that the "Blackshirts" wear their distinctive uniform. They are going about otherwise in civilian dress. They permeate everywhere.

Meetings are held regularly also at Stepney Green, but they are smaller and of a less dangerous character than the gatherings in Bethnal Green.

After the meetings the true disorder begins. The police are in the main streets, keeping the crowds in check. The side roads are lonely, with nobody about.

How easy, therefore, to carry out a raid. A descent takes place on Jewish houses and shops. The "We want your blood" warnings are written. Individual Jews are beset. So night after night the tragic round-up of the Jew is maintained.

To any person who troubles to investigate the existing conditions in the square mile of Terror Land these facts become outstanding: Unless Government action is prompt, that drastic reprisals will take place.

The young Jews are banding for the protection of their race. They are preparing home-made weapons of offence.

Between the two camps the police stand guard.

How long can the belligerents be kept apart?

THE REMEDY

lies in the East End's own hands.

Support the Council of Citizens, formed at Toynbee Hall under Dr. Mallon, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, to restore order in the East End.

Its policy is to ask all its citizens to avoid any provocative and noisy demonstrations, to stay at home, to give the Fascists and Communists no help by adding to that publicity.

Both Blacks and Reds are in the East End to call attention to themselves. Boycott all their meetings. Keep off the streets.

All possible pressure should be put on the Cabinet to ban political uniforms. Don't be put off by talk that this is "difficult." Sweden, Norway and Denmark have crushed local Fascism by doing so without interfering with the legitimate rights of trades unions or other democratic organisations.

But—meanwhile—don't help Mosley or the Communists. Stay at home; keep out of the way of all demonstrations; Boycott the whole Business.

Trailing Britain's First Gunman — by Supt. Hambrook

MURDERER who Shot at Sight

Francis Toplis, Britain's first gunman (right). It was the courage of P.C. Fulton, when faced with the desperado, that brought his end

IN this country we have had only one "gunman" of the real American bandit type. He was Francis Percy Toplis.

It was on Saturday, April 24, 1920, that Toplis, then a private the Royal Army Service Corps, echanical Transport, shot a Salisbury xi-driver named Sidney Edward picer, whom he had hired for a night ive from Amesbury on the Plain to e railway station at Andover, Hampire.

My part in the case was to take over e London enquiries after Toplis had caped and the man hunt was afoot. watched the search for Toplis from the gle of an officer at a central headarters—Scotland Yard.

We were the clearing house for such formation; handing on relative details police forces concerned and generally ying to keep a supervisory control over e efforts to round up this dangerous nman. As it is not every day that a ation-wide man hunt is organised, the ory is of more than usual interest.

★ ★ ★

AT the date of the Toplis case, cooperation between the Metropolitan Police at Scotland Yard and e provincial constabulary was not so ose as it is to-day. If it had been, ere is not the slightest doubt that ercy Toplis would have been caught—killed—much sooner than he was. He actually remained free and on the run for a period of six weeks.

Early on the morning of Sunday, April 25, 1920, a holiday-making cyclist at Thruxton Down, near Andover, was horrified to find the body of a man hidden in a hedge.

Immediately the cyclist rode off to give the alarm to the nearest policeman, and when the police officers arrived on the spot they saw at once that murder had been committed. The dead man's head was covered with blood. There was a bullet wound in the skull, with the bullet point of entry at the back. The pockets in the clothing had been turned inside out.

Enquiries established the fact that the victim was Sidney Edward Spicer, a chauffeur, aged twenty-seven, married, with a wife and one child, and living in London Road, Salisbury.

Percy Toplis was early linked with the case as a passenger in Spicer's car on the night of the shooting. Toplis was known to be a man of dangerous character and also to be in possession of a service revolver.

The next step for the local police was to make enquiries at Bulford Camp, where Toplis was quartered. At the camp they gathered a highly significant point: Toplis returned to the camp in the late hours of the Saturday night in a motor-car and persuaded a young private soldier, named Fallows, to accompany him on a drive into Wales.

Fallows, of course, when this proposition was put to him had not the slightest idea that Toplis had committed the murder. He agreed to go, and the two soldiers drove off together.

Thus, you have this position by the Monday—the day after the body had been discovered: The police engaged on the case knew that Toplis had used Spicer's car, and was in possession of it. They had, of course, a full description of the car. Also known was the fact that Toplis—according to his own statement at Bulford Camp—intended to make for South Wales.

If the description of Toplis and the description of the missing motor-car had been there and then circulated to all police forces in the West of England and South Wales, Toplis must have been caught.

★ ★ ★

FOR this is what happened. Toplis drove to Swansea, where for a time he left his car standing in a busy street. Then he placed it in a garage, booking rooms for himself and Fallows at a temperance hotel.

Leaving his hotel late on the Monday, Toplis bought a newspaper and read that Spicer's body had been found early on the previous morning, and that the police were searching for the murderer, who it was believed was dressed in the uniform of a non-commissioned officer.

Toplis decided to decamp from Swansea forthwith. He got rid of his companion Fallows, telling him to return to Bulford Camp by train, and then went to the garage to take the motor-car away, without arousing the slightest suspicion.

He drove a short distance out of the town and abandoned the car in a lane, where it was found by the Swansea police two hours later. Unfortunately, up to this point, the Swansea police had not received any official information of a murder having been committed and of a particular motor-car being used by the criminal.

It was not until some time later that the police, through a report in a local evening paper, secured the news that the abandoned car they had found was the *murderer's car*. Immediately Swansea police headquarters rang up Andover police station for official confirmation.

"Toplis was here during the night," Swansea told Andover; "we have his car; it was left abandoned, but Toplis himself has vanished."

From that moment began the nation-wide hunt for the murderer.

★ ★ ★

WE at Scotland Yard were able to tell the Hampshire police that we knew a great deal about Percy Toplis. I happened to know that he had been convicted many times, the last occasion at Nottingham, where he was sentenced for a series of cheque frauds. On one occasion he was found loitering at a railway station in possession of a loaded revolver. He had deserted from the Army several times

Meanwhile, late on the Monday evening, young Fallows arrived back at Bulford Camp. He was interrogated by the Andover superintendent and quite frankly told all he knew about Toplis.

Fallows added the interesting detail that he had promised to write to Toplis, addressed to the Union Jack Club in the Waterloo Road.

Imagine how eager I was when that significant information reached me. By arrangement with the Hampshire Police, a letter in Fallows' writing was despatched to the club.

Day and night I, with other officers, kept vigil outside and in the club. Toplis never came. No doubt he suspected that Fallows, indirectly and innocently involved in a murder case, would confide to the police the arrangement to write to London.

On the assumption that Toplis did mean to lie hidden somewhere in London, I also made repeated rounds by night of lodging-houses and minor hotels, on the chance that he might be lurking in one of them.

At the end of five weeks the first real authentic news of Toplis was flashed to Scotland Yard and passed on to the superintendent at Andover.

The news came from far away Banffshire. It was to this effect: John Grant, a farmer, was walking up a glen at Tomintoul, when he noticed smoke issuing from the chimney of an unoccupied gamekeeper's hut. He and Police Constable Greig, of the Banffshire Constabulary, and a gamekeeper named John Mackenzie, walked to the hut, where they found a man who looked like a tramp lying on the floor asleep.

The constable wakened him and told him he would have to go to the police station. To the surprise of the three men the stranger drew a revolver and fired three shots in rapid succession. The constable, who was shot in the left lung, and the farmer, who was shot in the back, fell helpless to the ground.

Percy Toplis—for it was he—seeing his chance to escape, ran out of the hut, mounted a bicycle, called out "Cheerio! Good-bye," and rode away as fast as he could with a kit-bag strapped on the carrier.

After this sensational shooting renewed impetus was given to the search for Percy Toplis. Although there was so much publicity and although the police in all counties were on the alert to catch this desperado, Toplis remained "under ground."

I had messages about him at Scotland

(*Continued on page 28*)

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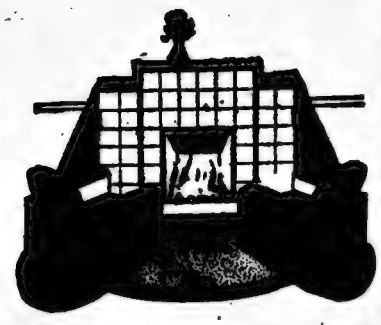

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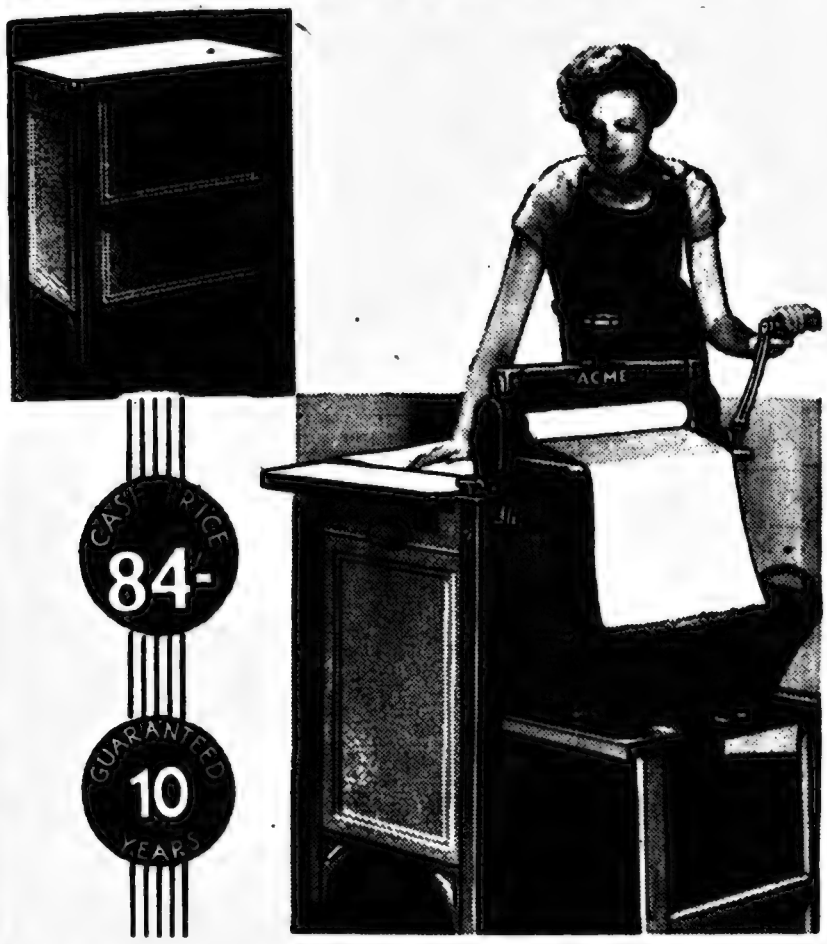

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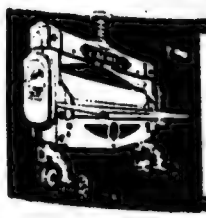

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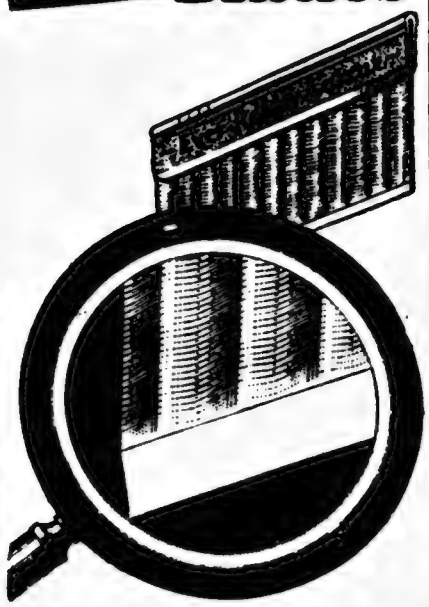
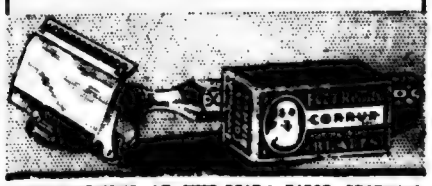


For years past engineers gave steel extra strength by "corrugation," but never, till Corrux, had they used the principle to give razor blades a keener—stronger—edge.

CORRUX blades mean even finer shaves for everyone who uses an Ever-Ready razor. Their "corrugated" steel tackles the two great faults of the wafer blade—vibration and a short-lived edge—at the very root, by greatly increasing the blade's tensile strength. This means closer shaves and far more of them—at no extra cost . . . but remember you can get this only in an Ever-Ready razor with an Ever-Ready Corrux blade, for no other blades have the benefit of this secret process.



ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD., THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9.

"I WILL KILL YOU ALL!"

(*Continued from page 26*)

Yard telling how he had been seen and, in some instances, followed, but he always evaded capture. He was the most elusive criminal I have ever known.

Reports which I received traced his course throughout Scotland and in Northern England. He travelled alternately by cycle, motor lorry, motor omnibus and local passenger train through Aberdeenshire.

I knew he had been near Aberdeen when he had a shave and wash at a village barber's shop. The barber realised after he had treated his customer that the man was Toplis, and then rushed to the local police station with the information too late.

For my own personal interest I made a map chart of the course which Toplis took from Scotland into England. I had the thin black line of his journey marked down, and speculated in my mind when and where he would be rounded up. For the hunt was now so intense it was impossible that the man could escape much longer.

★ ★ ★

THEN suddenly came the news that he had been identified again by P.C. Fulton, of the Cumberland Constabulary.

Fulton was on his beat on the main highway from Carlisle to the south, about ten miles from Penrith. There he saw a man dressed in the uniform of the Royal Air Force, sitting down and taking a meal at a point between the two Hesket villages—High Hesket and Low Hesket. The constable was suspicious of the man and went up to him.

"Where are you making for?" he asked. "Why are you walking this way?" The man in uniform replied that he was returning to duty and showed a railway warrant from Aberdeen dated June 4.

He began to make excuses to the constable, saying, "I admit I am a few days over my leave. I suppose I am really an absentee, although I am making my way back to barracks."

Fulton behaved in a most sensible way. He made a few jocular remarks to the stranger, and afterwards set off for his house, which was the village police station. There he looked up official documents, re-read the description, observed the photograph, and was certain in his own mind the man with whom he had talked was the wanted criminal.

Mounting on his bicycle, P.C. Fulton followed the course which Toplis might reasonably have taken towards the South. Just beyond a place known as Thief Side, nine miles from Penrith, he was given information by a woman that a soldier had walked that way.

I admire the courage of that constable He had every reason to believe the man for whom he was looking was Toplis the murderer, armed with a revolver. Yet Fulton searched the fieldside until he caught sight of a uniformed man crouching in the hedge.

★ ★ ★

"HULLO, old man," the constable called out. Is this all the distance you have got on your way back to barracks?"

It must have been a most dramatic moment. Toplis, who had been lounging in the bracken, leapt to his feet, pulled a revolver from his side pocket and pointed it at the constable.

"You are a smart lad," Toplis shouted defiantly. "I am the man you were looking for—Percy Toplis. I shot a farmer and a policeman in Banffshire, and if there is any hanky-panky you go too."

There was nothing for Fulton to do in face of the threatening revolver but to put up his hands. He did so, and said, "Don't be silly; I have no chance against you. Put the revolver away."

Toplis kept his weapon levelled at the stomach of the policeman. "I will kill you all or be killed," he cried. "Throw down your handcuffs and your truncheon." The constable did as he was directed—he had no other course.

And Toplis continued. "You have to promise," he said, "that you will never come my way again. Get out of it."

Private Fellows, who was persuaded to accompany Toplis on his motor dash to South Wales

★ ★ ★

FOR a moment the revolver wavered, and Fulton turned and remounted his bicycle. He rode as hard as he had ever pedalled to Penrith's police station, calling at a telephone office on the way to give the first alarm, and warned the county headquarters Percy Toplis was in the neighbourhood.

You are reading this description of mine set out in detail. But try and think as you read of the thrill at Scotland Yard when the very abbreviated story of P.C. Fulton and his encounter with Toplis came through on the wire. Those of us who had been engaged on the London end of the case—and particularly myself—were just aching to be up in Cumberland beside the good men of the Cumberland Police who were tracing Toplis to his last round-up.

From Penrith Inspector Ritchie, Sergeant Bertram and Fulton set out in a motor-car to cover tracks of Toplis. They were armed with revolvers. Proceeding along a level stretch of road, Fulton recognised the man he had interrogated walking ahead.

Instead of being in uniform, this man had changed his dress and was now wearing a brown lounge suit with clean white collar and trilby hat. He was carrying a kit-bag in his right hand.

The car went ahead of Toplis and stopped. The three police officers jumped out and stood facing the oncoming walker.

All the men were close to Toplis, almost on top of him.

The kit-bag was dropped. Toplis swung round on his heels to face the police officers, drew his revolver and fired three shots

My readers should recollect that in trying to make an arrest officers of the police must, if possible, secure their man without injury.

That is an essential of ordinary police routine.

Therefore you have these three courageous police officers confronting a dangerous criminal without drawing their own revolvers, hoping that—in police parlance — he would "come quietly." That was how Toplis was allowed to fire first. Fortunately, his iron nerve, which had stood him in such good stead before, was now wavering. His aim was unsteady and his shots missed. He was going to fire again when both Inspector Ritchie and Sergeant Bertram fired simultaneously.

Percy Toplis, gunman and crook, wavered for a moment; his knees gave way and he pitched forward face downwards on the ground. He had been killed with a bullet through his heart.

Search was made of the dead bandit's pockets and belongings. In his coat three cartridges were found, and, together with a gold-rimmed monocle, a pawn ticket and 2s. 6d. That apparently was all the money left to him.

A Royal Air Force uniform was packed in his kit-bag, and among other belongings was a diary—an interesting document showing that Toplis had kept a careful record of his itinerary after fleeing from Swansea. He had visited among other places, Cardiff, Bristol, Bath, Chepstow, and had then gone through Hereford, Warrington, and so on by the Great North Road to Scotland.

At the coroner's inquest the jury returned the only possible verdict, that Percy Toplis had been justifiably killed by a revolver shot, fired by police officers, while a fugitive from justice. The police were commended for their pluck, intelligence and promptitude.

I shall always recall the thrill of taking part in the police search for this gunman as it came in message form in a small office which was just a room in the great building of Scotland Yard, but a very vital factor in controlling the Law's long arm.

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AND LOOK, AUNTIE, THESE OTHER THINGS HAVE BOILED FOR ONLY 2 MINUTES! MY WASHING IS DONE HOURS FASTER BY THE NEW RINSO METHOD!
THESE THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL! YET YOU USE 30 MINUTES' LESS FUEL THAN I DO! RINSO FOR ME FROM NOW ON!

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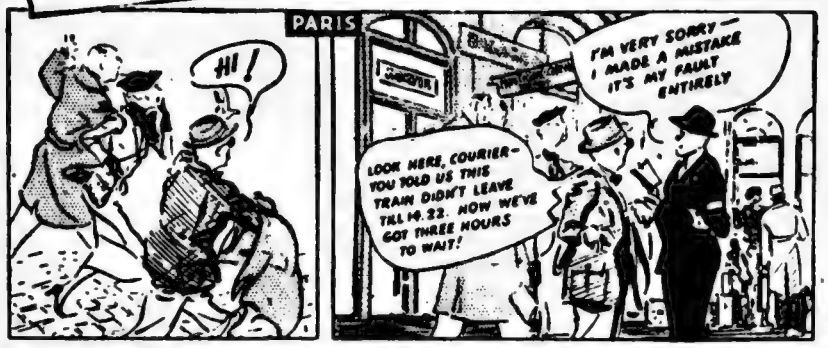
PARIS
HI!
I'M VERY SORRY— I MADE A MISTAKE IT'S MY FAULT ENTIRELY
LOOK HERE, COURIER— YOU TOLD US THIS TRAIN DIDN'T LEAVE TILL 14.32. NOW WE'VE GOT THREE HOURS TO WAIT!

I'M FED UP ALPHONSE! THAT PARTY GROUSED THE WHOLE WAY HERE. PARTLY MY FAULT I SUPPOSE — I FEEL TIRED ALL THE TIME THESE DAYS.
COURAGE, MY FRIEND! YOU DO NOT LOOK O.B. MR. THOMPSON-ZE ENGLISH DOCTEUR AT ZE PENSION— HE PUT YOU ALL RIGHT—NOW?
DOCTOR TOLD HIM
I DON'T FEEL UP TO MY JOB, DOCTOR— ALWAYS TIRED, EVEN WHEN I WAKE IN THE MORNING
SO YOU WAKE UP FEELING TIRED, EH? WELL— YOU LEAD AN ENERGETIC LIFE, AND THE TROUBLE IS— EVEN DURING SLEEP YOU USE UP MORE ENERGY THAN YOU CAN AFFORD! WE CALL IT 'NIGHT-STARVATION.'— TAKE MY ADVICE...

LONDON
SO I THOUGHT I'D TAKE A WEEK AT HOME AND TRY HORLICK'S, AS HE TOLD ME.
WELL, HERE YOU ARE, DEAR— I TASTED IT, AND IT'S SO DELICIOUS I'M GOING TO HAVE A CUP TOO.
PARIS — 2 MONTHS LATER
SAY, COURIER, I THINK YOU'RE MARVELLOUS! EVEN AT THE END OF A TIRING DAY YOU CAN STILL TALK LIKE AN INFORMATION BUREAU!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH — WE HAVE TO BE PRETTY HIT ON THIS JOB.

LONDON — LATER STILL
HERE'S A CHANCE FOR YOU, THOMPSON. THEY WIRED US TO SEND OUR BEST MAN TO MEET A PARTY AT CHERBOURG EN ROUTE TO ABELBODEN— IT'S MANVILLE, YOU KNOW THE MILLIONAIRE BANKER!
VERY NICE OF YOU TO CHOOSE ME, SIR! I'LL GO ALL OUT ON THIS JOB

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My Big Story—by Registered Reader No. S540462

"They won't let me alone—they are urging me to do something I don't want to do . . ."

Strange HANDS

"I MIGHT be a bit late to-day," Mabel said to Violet across the counter, as she powdered her pretty face. "I've got to see Jack about the flat he's going to take for us."

The shop in which the two girls worked was empty except for the girls. Boxes of attractive sweets, displayed on the counter, offered great temptation to the flies which all the summer had pestered the two assistants. To-day, however, the weather was cool and, save for an occasional burst of sunshine, Bristol looked grey and dull.

A few minutes later Mabel left the shop overjoyed at the prospect of seeing her lover.

Left alone, Violet began to think of her own romance. It had been three weeks now since she had been going out with Johnny, who was employed in a downtown office, but she realised that it would be years before she could hope to marry.

While in the depths of these speculations she glanced up and, peering through the window, noticed a strange-looking man lingering outside. He was a tall, ill-kempt individual with a shock of iron-grey hair, a pair of staring, bloodshot eyes in which gleamed a queer light.

He had a long, red nose and a full, sensuous mouth, the lips of which constantly twitched. For a few moments he stared at the girl like a person perceiving a goddess, then, after slyly looking up and down the street, he thrust his hands in his raincoat pocket and shuffled into the shop.

Inwardly, Violet felt that there was something unhealthy about the man. His unshaven chin and staring eyes gave him an abnormal appearance, but, instinctively realising the danger of revealing her apprehension, she began to hum a tune.

THE man came in and stood in front of the counter. He stood like one transfixed, staring at her. A minute later, however, a strange sort of smile cracked the wax-like rigidity of his face, and as it did so a sinister hush appeared to settle upon the place.

Plucking up courage, Violet broke the tense silence with, "Can I get you anything, sir?"

As she spoke the man grinned, revealing as he did so a hideous set of yellow, fang-like teeth. Then, suddenly taking his huge hands from his coat pockets he held them before him.

"Do you see these?" he said, almost in a whisper.

"I can't control these fingers," the man said ominously. His features were now hideously distorted, and on his lofty brow beads of perspiration glistened in the light.

"They dominate me," he continued in sinister tones. "They seem to possess lives of their own, and exert an evil influence over me." Almost imperceptibly he moved towards the counter. "They urge me to use them," he proceeded hurriedly. "Use them to crush things. You understand?"

He paused abruptly at the counter and stared at the girl's white throat. Violet watched him terrified, and as she began to edge along the counter her mind seethed with conflicting thoughts.

"See,' the man gasped, wriggling his fingers. "They won't let me alone. They are urging me to do something I don't want to do."

At this juncture his breathing became more rapid, his haggard face went pale and the perspiration on his forehead streamed down his face.

Meanwhile Violet prayed silently.

Unable to stand the strain any longer, she moved visibly towards the end of the counter where the barrier was up.

But, remembering that the two rooms on the second floor were locked, her heart sank. The only hope remaining was the lumber room at the top of the building.

CONRAD PHILLIPS, short story writer, is visiting "John Bull" Registered Readers in their homes, and writing the thrill of their lives into true short stories.

This story happened to Mrs. Violet Bulworthy, of 62, Stapleton Road, Bristol, to whom £5 5s. will be sent.

Next week's true thrill comes from Leeds.

So, pointing towards the open door, she yelled out a name. As she did so, the man swung viciously round.

When his back was turned Violet ran from behind the counter to the stairs.

As she reached them the man bounded after her. Half-way up she was terrified to feel a vice-like grip on her leg, but with a terrific kick she managed to free herself, and in doing so she pushed the maniac down the stairs.

Without looking round to see what had occurred, she dashed up to the lumber room.

When she reached it she was almost exhausted, and, staggering into the room, she flung the door to and then tried frantically to lock it.

FOR a moment it seemed that she would never do it. It was stiff with lack of use. But just as the man reached the top landing she was overjoyed to feel the key turn in her hand.

With her hair hanging wildly over her white face and her clothes sticking to her perspiring body, Violet ran to a window which looked down on to a side street. Flinging this open, she leaned out to see if there was anybody to whom she could call for help.

Perceiving nobody about, she elected to climb out of the window and crawl along a wide wooden ledge which led to a window of the next room. By this time the madman was hammering on the door and snorting like a wild animal.

After a perilous climb through the window, Violet finally reached the ledge, but when her full weight was on it she was horrified to hear it crack.

Petrified with fear, she looked down below and beheld some railings, topped with spikes. Once the ledge gave way, there was nothing to save her from falling on them and to her death.

Now faint with horror, she turned back towards the window, and after several attempts she managed to grab the sill. Then with a supreme effort she pulled herself back into the room.

As she did so, she was overjoyed to hear the voice of her friend Mabel outside the door. Staggering over to it, she unlocked it, and then, overcome with exhaustion, she fainted.

WHEN she came to later, Mabel and her friend were standing over her. Later, when Violet had fully recovered, her friend explained how, in her excitement when she went out to meet her fiancé, she had left her bag in the dressing-room. But for this, she would never have returned so early, and Violet would have been at the madman's mercy.

As it was, she had heard the noise upstairs and had promptly dashed up to investigate.

Half-way up she met the madman, who flashed past her, snorting like a pursued animal. That was the last she had seen of him.

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WINTER'S THREAT TO THE CHEST WEAK

The coming winter is one of extra special danger to all who are weak on the chest. The summer we have just experienced has been so very inclement that the Chest and Lungs have had very little opportunity to recover from the weakening effect of last winter. If, therefore, you are liable to suffer from COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc., begin at once to take VENOS *Brand Lightning* COUGH CURE, and so strengthen your chest and lungs. VENOS stops coughs like lightning and *arrests the development of dangerous germs.* It is purely herbal and suitable for people of all ages. Children should have a regular dose each morning of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE on going to school.

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If your feet itch; if the skin between the toes is red, raw, cracked, a thick dead-white or broken out in tiny blisters, Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX will relieve the itching at once, kill the fungi it comes in contact with and aid in preventing the spread of the disease. This is a serious foot ailment—so don't experiment. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX, antiseptic, germicidal, soothing, healing. 3/- jar, all Chemists, Dr. Scholl's Depots

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Keeping 7 on £2·8·9 means watching every penny

— you've got to know how to get the most good out of every meal

"That's why I always give my family Rowntree's Cocoa,"

says Mrs. Greed, of Seven Kings, Essex.

"WITH only £2 8/9 a week, keeping the seven of us isn't easy. Mind you, lots of women manage marvellously on less. But 25/- a week goes in rent, and by the time we've paid for coal, clothes, gas, insurance and small sundries, I only have 16/- left for food.

HOW MRS. GREED SPENDS HER MONEY	£	s.	d.
Rent	1	5	0
Insurance		1	6
Coal, light, gas		2	6
Clothes		2	0
Food		16	0
Sundries		1	9
Total	£2	8	9

"To keep us all fit on that I've got to see that every meal is as nourishing as it can be. That's where Rowntree's Cocoa makes such a difference.

"Somehow we get more good from our food when we have Rowntree's with it. Every penny I spend on food goes further.

"Rowntree's Cocoa is particularly easy on the digestion—a big point with young children."

* * *

THAT'S sound common sense, Mrs. Greed! Rowntree's Cocoa *does* help you to do this. The reason is simple. A special pre-digestion process (used only by Rowntrees) makes it easier to digest than other cocoas. In fact, it's so digestible it actually helps digest everything you have with it — as no other cocoa can. It even makes milk three times as digestible!

With Rowntree's Cocoa the family get more nourishment from everything they eat.

Mrs. Greed's four eldest—Kenneth (10), Edward (6), Arthur (4), Lily (2½). Baby Florence was having her nap. "Rowntree's Cocoa for breakfast and tea," says Mrs. Greed. "I feel sure that it's had a lot to do with making them sturdier."

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One of hundreds of Free Gifts in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to Department CE20, ROWNTREE & CO. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Generation Gift Booklet. Free Gift coupons in every tin.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN

GIRL with a Guilty Secret

The girl who becomes engaged with a guilty secret on her mind is courting disaster, should it be revealed after marriage. Better tell it now

WHAT ought people to do about the skeleton in the cupboard? Should it remain in the cupboard or is it better to expose it to the light of day? Well, a good deal depends upon the particular type of skeleton. Let me illustrate what I mean by quoting two letters from my readers. The first is from a girl who writes:—

When I was nineteen I kept company with a boy three years my senior. He let me down badly and I was left to face the trouble alone. But my baby was prematurely born and died a few hours after birth. Now, five years later, I am desperately in love with a man who is twenty-eight years old

He loves me, I know, yet because of my lapse I dare not consent to settle down with him. I can't forget that I am not the girl he thinks me to be. And that is a hard punishment to bear. Would it be fair to become engaged without telling him, and in that way I should not destroy his trust and love?

Hard though it would be, rather than tell him, I think it would be best to cut him out of my life altogether. For how could he respect me if he knew everything? I would value your advice, and I may add that I am quite sincere when I say that because of my love for him I would place his happiness even before my own.

Now this girl has three courses open to her. She can tell her fiancé about her past, or say nothing about it, or break off the relationship without giving a reason. To take the last step would be cruel and unfair. The association has lasted so long between them that they have learned to love each other.

ANY suggestion to separate, without giving the cause, would hurt that young man terribly. And it might influence the whole of his future life. My correspondent would, I am sure, never forgive herself if she acted in that way.

There remain two other possibilities. And of the two, hard though it may be, I advise her to tell her fiancé everything. Supposing she should marry him without disclosing the past. She would never know a moment's peace.

But quite apart from that, there is always the danger that he may hear of the trouble from some other source. And that would lead inevitably to the destruction of that trust which she is so anxious to preserve. I advise her, therefore, to make a clean breast of everything.

She can point out that she was only young at the time and that she has never ceased to regret the mistake she made. I feel sure that his love for her will make him understand and that he will not only forgive but forget it too.

The second letter comes into quite a different category. Here it is:—

I have two brothers, and as I am their eldest sister they have come to me for advice. Both of them are in love with very nice girls, and they hope one day to marry them. But this is their problem. Some time ago, father got into trouble and had to serve a term of imprisonment. Mother forgave him and he has since lived a decent life and is now generally liked and respected. My brothers feel they ought to tell their girls, yet as in each case their parents are highly respectable, they are afraid to do so. Would you be kind enough to let us have your advice?

Now in this case I feel that the skeleton should be left hidden in that family cupboard. I say that not only from the point of view of those two young men but also of their father and their mother. The mother forgave her husband fully and freely and since that time he has lived a decent life. It would be unfair for his past to be brought up again and discussed—as naturally it would be—among the families of those girls. If he suffered from any disease such as insanity, epilepsy or even tuberculosis, and there was a danger to the future generations, it would be different.

BUT so far as this man is concerned, he has paid the penalty for his mistake, and the painful episode should be forgotten and certainly not resurrected. These young men should proceed with their love affairs without any qualms. They have themselves done nothing of which they need be ashamed. And, after all, the girls are marrying them and not their parents.

And here is another letter, this time from a man, in which the ghost of the past appears:—

I was taking out an insurance policy for my wife, and to furnish proof of her age I had to obtain a copy of her birth certificate from Somerset House. When it arrived, I found to my surprise that she was an illegitimate child. I am convinced that she herself is unaware of this fact, and so I told her a lie by saying that I had not bothered to obtain the certificate.

I am therefore in a terrible fix, for I do not know whether I should tell her the truth or keep it a secret. I am sure she would be very upset if she knew. Her mother is still alive and is nearly eighty years old. I have known her for over twenty years and I have always found her a most respectable and clean-living person, liked by all who know her.

If I had known the truth before I married my wife, nearly eighteen years ago, I would still have gone on with the wedding.

Now what possible good can come of this man disclosing what he has discovered? He admits frankly that if he had known beforehand it would not have interfered with his wedding. It would only distress his wife for her to know now. And, after all, she is not to blame in any way. Then there is that old lady to consider. She is now nearly eighty years old and at the most can't have a long time to live. Why bring a shadow over her remaining years? And possibly cause ill-feeling to arise between her and her daughter. By far the kindest course in this case is to let the dead past bury its dead.

With regard to that insurance difficulty, that can easily be overcome. The insurance officials are only concerned with the age of the policy holder and not the parentage. He should therefore write a private and confidential letter to the general manager giving him the facts. I am sure his confidence will be respected.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Greatest of These

MIXED TRAGEDY

Norah

A MEDICAL officer has been bemoaning that local school-children tend more and more to fatness. We wish it could be said of little Norah.

She has spent too much of her years of life going in and out of hospitals.

She was in a convalescent home last. It was malnutrition that time. They were able to clothe just a wee bit more flesh on her bones. And then—well, take a peep at the home to which she returned.

Big brother, aged thirteen, was in hospital suffering from advanced mastoid and general debility.

Mother was at home—but for how long? Three times she has been in hospital since last June. Last month she was on the danger list.

In that atmosphere little Norah must seek health

It is a mixed tragedy of unemployment and sickness.

And so we ask our readers to send contributions to help this tragic family, earmarking their donations "Norah," or to assist our General Fund, addressing their letters to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on request.

Heard about the new 2's-eater?

He was a chap who would never eat a second helping of cold meat. Now he's a regular 2's-eater! Why? His wife discovered Pan Yan! It stimulates his digestion, puts him in a grand humour, and makes him gollop cold meat with gusto!

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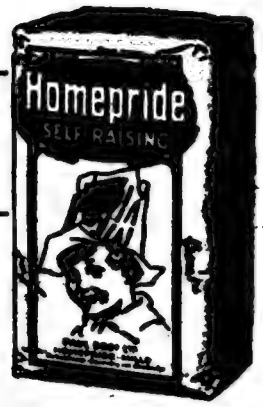

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she sleeps like a child

because she gets enough

'PROTECTIVE FOOD'

Restlessness and broken sleep are sure signs that the tone of the body is low. They are symptoms of under-nourished nerve cells, of neglected defences. Vital to your defences is *the kind of food you eat.* You may be eating plenty, yet still be under-nourished and defenceless, if you are not getting enough of what doctors call the 'protective foods.'

What 'Protective Foods' are

Milk, eggs, vegetables, fresh fruit are fine protective foods, and form a large part of any well-balanced diet. They are 'protective' because they are rich in minerals and vitamins. Everyone needs a daily supply of these vital food elements. They are essential to the growth and health of every cell of the human body. Yet it is often difficult, especially in winter, to get enough of them. Then vitality ebbs; the whole tone—the resistance—of the body is lowered.

How to make sure you get enough

A sure, simple, and economical way of combating shortage of these vital food elements is to take Bourn-vita. Take it at night, last thing. Bourn-vita is a delicious combination of four protective foods—fresh full-cream milk, new-laid eggs, barley malt and chocolate. It supplies your system with the much needed calcium, phosphorus and iron, the essential vitamins A, B, and D, so that the body's defences are kept high and your well-being properly protected

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THE PROTECTIVE FOOD

9D per ½ lb. FULL WEIGHT

The Cough it was that died!

ISN'T THERE ANYTHING DOCTOR? THIS COUGH IS WEARING HIM OUT
THERE IS ONE THING TO TRY
GIVE HIM A DOSE OF THIS EVERY NIGHT IN WARM MILK OR TEA
IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND ON HIS FEET AGAIN MRS. M...
I'VE THE DOCTOR TO THANK FOR THAT— HE AND FAMEL SYRUP BETWEEN THEM

Mrs. M . . . . . and her husband are real people. Last winter she wrote and told us that chronic bronchitis kept her husband in bed for more than five months, until her doctor suggested that Famel Syrup might go to the root of her husband's cough and kill the germs. In three days the cough was better. In ten days he was able to walk in the garden. In three weeks he was well and healthy.

Famel brand Syrup is sold by every chemist—1/6 & 3/- (triple quantity.)

Your A.B.C. of COUGHS and COLDS

Sooner or later, you or someone you know will start the usual winter cough. This time why not be ready for it? If you are quick enough you can nearly always get rid of it before it gets a hold.

You know, of course, that all coughs and colds are caused by germs. If the germs are given time to multiply and settle down in the lungs and throat the way is open for complaints of a really serious kind. That is why doctors consider that it is very important to attack the germs quickly from *within*. Famel Syrup is based on the discovery of soluble Lactocreosote, the most powerful bronchial antiseptic. Germs of coughs and colds cannot live in its presence.

Famel Syrup has been proved in hundreds of laboratory and hospital tests to be the medicine which does destroy the germs but does not cause distress to the vital organs. At the same time it soothes irritation of the throat and removes the feeling of pressure on the chest and lungs. Its tonic properties build up your strength quickly, so that your body can defend itself against future attacks. Famel Syrup is not a mere 'cough mixture.' It is a scientific preparation—used and recommended by hospitals and clinics, doctors and nurses, all over the world. Your chemist sells it—1/6 and 3/-.

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Why I Don't Kill Mothers—

by

Alice Gregory O.B.E.

Founder of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich, some of whose staff are shown in the picture above

JUST suppose that 3,000 women were gathered in a great hall attending a meeting: that the hall caught fire and about 1,500 were burned to death, while the rest were maimed and crippled through their injuries.

The nation would be aghast. Sorrow would sweep through every heart.

And then suppose the proprietor of the hall confessed: "I am very sorry. I could have prevented it all. I know I am to blame. But really it would have been very expensive and troublesome to have done anything about it. . . ."

Yet that is what this country is doing about maternal mortality. The comparison is not unfair. It is no more dreadful to die in a blazing building than to die in childbirth.

The Departmental Committee which reported in 1932 showed clearly that half of the 3,000 mothers who die every year could be saved.

AND I know this is true. My hospital at Woolwich proves this undeniably. Mothers don't die when they come to us to have their babies. Then why should they die anywhere else? Please don't think I am boasting. The facts I am giving you in this article will speak for themselves.

Our records for the past thirty years reveal that if the same care had been practised throughout the country our present maternal death-rate would be quite half of what it is. We take roughly 800 patients a year and have to refuse quite a thousand a year. During the past thirteen years the death-rate for 11,000 confinements has only been 1.06 per 1,000. From 1929 to 1933 there was not a single death in the hospital.

Puerperal fever epidemic, of which every woman lives in dread, is a thing absolutely unknown in the hospital. Yet doctors and many other great hospital boards say they are "baffled" by it. Why is all this? We do not cater for wealthy people. Most of our patients come from homes bringing in less than £3 a week.

Neither have we any "secrets" to combat the "mysteries" of maternal mortality. We are just very ordinary people doing an ordinary job—but doing it with every ounce of enthusiasm, care and foresight we can muster.

Ministers of Health and all the rest of the notabilities who say they are "moved" by the "scandal" and make speeches about "maternal mortality being the greatest responsibility of my career," beat about the bush in a way which convinces me they are only dodging a very grave issue

How don't *we* kill mothers? And how could it be put into practice throughout the country?

Our discipline is so simple it's hard to believe. Our first big rule is competence. In fact, the hospital in the beginning was opened as a protest against the incompetence of midwives That was in 1905. For three years before that I had been a young nurse deeply moved by the slaughter of mothers in childbirth. I decided to devote my life to doing something about it.

Then came the first Midwives Act, laying down that midwives should have three months' training. I was horrified. Though this was better than nothing, it would have been perfectly easy for the Central Midwives Board to have insisted on six months' training at least.

Of course they would not listen, so I and two staunch girl friends decided to pool our tiny private incomes and open a hospital for the higher training of midwives. It was called the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies and the Higher Training of Midwives at Woolwich.

We believed then, as we do now, that every prospective midwife, whether or not she has been trained previously as a general nurse, should have two years' training.

The most we could do if we were to train anybody at all was to insist on six months for general nurses and one year for trained people.

In 1926, twenty-one years later, the Central Midwives Board brought up the training to our standards.

Now most of our nurses stay with us for two years' training. But they don't anywhere else. And I shudder to think that some people trust their well-being to many girls who go out into the world as certified midwives.

THAT'S the first point—and a terribly important one. The next is efficiency, under which heading I include cleanliness.

We are over rather than under staffed. A nurse can therefore watch just a few cases from the first month instead of being rushed off her feet with seven or eight. She takes a very personal interest—and what a difference it makes! A mother comes to the antenatal clinic once a month and later once a week during her waiting time. There is no last-minute panic and the bed is waiting.

The midwife is in charge of the case, and a doctor only consulted when there is a complication. This is as it should be.

And the way we defeat puerperal fever is by absolutely scrupulous care. For instance, a nurse with a poisoned finger is sent off duty at once. She has not to worry, because there are plenty of nurses to take her place In many hospitals she cannot do this, because she would be throwing an unbearable burden of work on a colleague.

And how could all this be applied everywhere else? Very easily. First of all, of course, a little of that armaments money would have to be parted with. We want many more maternity hospitals and more maternity wards in our general hospitals.

We want these places staffed by very efficient midwives and maternity nurses. Next year the Salaried Midwives Act comes into operation. It will supply every district with more midwives subsidised by Borough Council salaries. This is less than useless unless with it midwives' training is raised from six months to two years. What is the good of having more inefficiency?

Together, with higher training, it ought to be ruled that every midwife must take a refresher course each two or three years, and that midwives who have not been practising for more than ten years be struck off the rolls unless they pass another examination. Refresher courses should be free.

Then we want an ambulance service like the one we have in London, and for which Mr. Herbert Morrison is responsible.

And many, many more clinics. At present there are 1,494 clinics at work. Sir Kingsley Wood seems pleased with this figure, which has increased from 1,048 in 1930.

BUT that is far from enough. I hear that out of 421 local authorities 214 are improving their clinics. Still not enough. I know a village where pregnant women wait in the rain outside a disused public-house!

Now I realise all this means more work, organisation on a large scale. But for what a cause! Mother is the greatest investment we have in Britain to-day.

And remember. Mothers will not always continue to put up with this treatment. They are discovering that bad administration, not nature, is endangering their lives.

To-day it is as big a subject of discussion and discontent as the suffrage was. And I happen to be one of those bee-in-the-bonnet sixty-seven-year-olds who is seeing that they learn the fact of life.

When, through sheer experience, they find out that I and my colleagues *don't* kill mothers, they are bound to ask, "*Don't they*—then who does?"

RHEUMATISM

Treatment that neutralises Uric Acid

There is little need to explain to any rheumatic sufferer how the Uric Acid in his system forms needle-pointed crystals in his joints and sets up the most excruciating pain. He knows all about it. "Tell me," he says, "how to *prevent* the Uric Acid forming these sharp-edged crystals. That's all I want to know."

One of the most certain methods is to take the saline treatment called Fynnon Salt. The great merit of Fynnon Salt is that it reproduces the tonic mineral waters of famous spas. In many parts of Britain there are mineral springs laden with medicinal elements which have gained world fame for their curative properties.

You needn't travel miles to derive this benefit. With a tin of Fynnon Salt and water from the tap you can enjoy the "cure" in your own home and carry on with your daily work. The result is surprising in cases of Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Sciatica, as thousands of testimonials prove beyond a doubt. Fynnon Salt dissolves the Uric Acid crystals, and makes your joints pliable and free from pain, bringing back to you the swinging gait of youth.

Ask your chemist for a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt. It will satisfy your wildest hopes.

'BETTER BUY

CAPSTAN

they're blended better

THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

5-DAY FLU

30 Seconds Remedy

Old way, 5 days. New way, 30 seconds. Treat every Cold with Nostroline nasal remedy. Infection disappears. 'Nostroline' stops Colds. Ends Catarrh. Clears the head. Opens breathing passages. Relieves Head Noises, Deafness, Stuffiness. 1/3 all Chemists.

NOSTROLINE

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J. 60, Clifton, Bristol.

DO YOUR FALSE TEETH SLIP and CLICK?

Avoid the embarrassment of loose and slipping plates by lightly sprinkling them with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It renders the suction perfect so that teeth will not slip or click when you are talking and eating. An unfailing safeguard against embarrassment. Forms a comfort-cushion which relieves pressure and prevents sore gums. Makes teeth feel natural so that you can talk naturally and chew perfectly. Quite harmless and can-not upset the stomach. A scientific triumph. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere. Post Coupon for free trial sample, which will be sent in plain wrapper. Use unsealed envelope ½d. stamp.

FREE SAMPLE

Name.....

Address.....

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PASSETT & JOHNSON, Ltd., (Dept. J.B. 122), 94, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

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GROSVENOR This exceptionally smart & service-able Winter Coat is produced in a reliable quality Heavy Nap Cloth, very well tailored and carefully finished in all its details. It has a fashionable double-breasted front, boldly designed machine-stitched collar & revers, stylish sleeves with strap cuffs, welted pockets, and semi-fitting back with raised seams and button-trimmed half belt. Nicely lined throughout with Art. Silk Twill to tone. An excellent garment in all respects. Supplied in Navy and Brown shades only. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts 32 to 38ins; Lengths: 46 to 50ins. **24/11**

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Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Newest Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/- Monthly

£50 in Cash Prizes MUST BE WON.

Turn to p. 4 and send in your entry in this simple Contest.

Parva All-wave Console 13 gns

Rhythm red-hot from Schenectady . . . . Dramatic news from a European capital . . . . Somebody crooning in Havana . . . . An Empire-builder speaking from Bombay . . . . Any of the new Ferranti all-wave sets will bring them all—and countless other thrills—into your own room (provided, of course, that conditions are favourable).

And they're not expensive, either—these new Ferranti all-wave sets. The complete range is from 9 to 26 guineas. The model illustrated here is the Parva all-wave A.C. Console at 13 guineas! Think of that—a superb all-wave Console model in a cabinet of rich two-tone walnut for 13 guineas! Remember, too, that these are *Ferranti* sets, which means that you get your home stations with a truthfulness and dependability that have never been surpassed.

Important. Ferranti World Radio is obtainable only from Registered Ferranti Dealers, men chosen specially for their technical skill and knowledge.

No other dealer can supply.

Parva Console 13 guineas (as illustrated).
Parva Radiogram 17 guineas.
Parva Table Model 9 guineas.

WORLD LISTENING ON FERRANTI

New and enlarged edition of short-wave handbook

Free

So many people have written for "World Listening on Ferranti"—our special short-wave handbook—that we've had to bring out a new edition. In doing so, we've taken the opportunity of revising it and enlarging it. All the previous information is there plus a number of new features. Details of the sets are also given but, as you will have gathered, it is far from being a mere catalogue. Indeed, many listeners have told us they have found it the clearest guide to short-wave listening yet published. We will send you a free copy by return if you post the coupon.

Post to Ferranti to-day

To Ferranti, Dept J.B.12 Moston, Manchester 10.

Please send me free copy of illustrated handbook, "World Listening on Ferranti" (new edition).

NAME

ADDRESS

COUNTY

ONE OF THE FAMILY

who needs your help now

You have only to say "walk" to your dog and he's tumbling over himself with eagerness. But in the winter months bad weather robs him of exercise, while at the same time he is probably eating richer foods. Under these two handicaps it is difficult for him to be really fit. He needs Bob Martin's Condition Powders to purify his blood and so help him to grow a thick, firm coat to keep him warm and dry in the worst of weather. These famous powders prevent all the common doggy ailments — winter lassitude and sickness — or coat troubles such as loose coat, scratching and eczema.

Begin *now* to give your dog his Bob Martin's regularly and soon you'll see a vast difference. He'll be better both in looks and in health — a closer companion to you.

BOB MARTIN'S

condition powders

keep dogs fit

indigestion

made her lose many nights' rest

Nothing is more worrying than sleeplessness, and most of the sleeplessness which makes so many people miserable is simply due to indigestion. You can be sure of driving away acid indigestion and getting healthy, strength-giving sleep by taking a couple of Digestif Rennie Pastilles after meals. Read this lady's letter :—

"For many years I have had severe indigestion of an acid nature directly I lie down. Dieting, drugs and tablets were useless, and I often lost a night's rest. Digestif Rennie was introduced to me by Betty Brand, and as Betty knows so perfectly all about anything she advises, I took tablets after an attack started. I was surprised to find that I slept that night. I now take two Rennies after meals, and I think they are wonderfully affective, besides being palatable, and easy to carry. They do not seem like medicine—they taste just like sweets."

Mrs. F. S., Essex.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles contain 15 ingredients. Highly effective antacids neutralise the main cause of indigestion —excess acid. Other ingredients free you of stomach gas, remove poisonous toxins, increase the circulation of blood to the stomach and help the normal processes of digestion in every way. Each tablet is separately wrapped in wax paper. So easy to carry! Try Digestif Rennie now!

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet

Municipal MARRIAGE MART NO. 1

Mrs. Hicks, who runs the bureau, introduces a young couple to each other in her office

RAMSGATE has been trying an experiment—a rather daring experiment.

It has set up a Marriage Bureau, and I have just spent a day with Mrs. Hicks, who is running it.

The idea was the Mayor's, Councillor Stead who thought of it because people wrote to him to find them wives or husbands.

The bureau has the full approval of the Mayor's colleagues on the Council. Mrs. Hicks operates from the offices of the Municipal Information Bureau and Chamber of Commerce, of which she is secretary

Incidental expenses, so far, are borne by the Mayor himself.

The official and municipal nature of the bureau inspires confidence. Many applicants write that, although they would have no truck with a commercial matrimonial agency, they feel that they can trust an experiment like Ramsgate's.

Mrs. Hicks didn't know then the great task she was tackling.

She does now. In two months she has been flooded out with applications. What is more, the people writing mean business. Two marriages have already taken place and sixteen couples have become engaged.

Over 800 letters have been received from all over the British Isles, from all parts of the world.

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MRS. HICKS SHOWED ME scores of them—all obviously from people genuinely seeking a husband or wife.

"I make it quite clear," she told me, 'that I cannot accept any responsibility. I insist that every couple must make exhaustive enquiries about each other's bona fides as an essential preliminary.

"I make a list of the men and another of the women, giving their name, address, and a few facts about them. I send a copy of the men's list to the women, and a copy of the women's list to the men.

"As I think it essential to give full personal attention to each case myself, I have not yet been able to deal with all the enquiries. I never anticipated anything like this rush when we offered to help people to get married. But now I can offer anybody a good choice ranging almost from eighteen to eighty."

The bureau had hardly got into its stride when the first marriage took place—in Cornwall. The bride came from London. A little over six feet tall. 'Nobody seems to want a six-footer," she wrote to Mrs. Hicks in despair. "Can you help me?"

The man had travelled all over the world, but at thirty-eight was still looking for the "right woman."

They picked each other out from the lists, wrote, and Miss Six-Feet hurried down to Cornwall to look him over. To her delight she found he was six-feet-three. Result—marriage by special licence within a fortnight. Mrs. Hicks has a letter from the man, written some weeks after the wedding, thanking her in a touching way for finding him "the best woman in the world."

The second marriage, which has just taken place, was between Mrs. Davis, a great-grandmother of seventy, who lived in Ramsgate, and Mr. Wade, aged sixty-eight, a retired civil servant.

Everything was arranged by letter. They did not see each other until a day before the wedding, when Mr. Wade made the long journey from Sunderland.

I saw Mrs. Davis a few days before the wedding—busy selling her furniture and packing up. "It's all very exciting," she told me, "and very amusing. I had a long letter from David this morning, and he's very excited, too. It's a long way to be going after living all my life in Ramsgate—twenty years in this house.

"But I don't mind. I say a change will do me good. Mr. Wade is buying his house, so he thought it better for me to go there than for him to move down here. And I didn't press the point.

"The wedding will be very quiet. None of my relations will be there, but we shall go to my married daughter's afterwards for a little wedding breakfast. My other daughter, who lives in Portsmouth, wrote to me saying 'I don't know what to think about this proposal of yours. But for goodness sake don't do anything rash.' But my niece has seen his photograph, and she said, 'Darling, I'm sure you'll be very happy.'

"They haven't any say in it, of course. I'm old enough to do what I like, and this is my third marriage. But still I like to know their opinion. I'm selling everything except the gas fire. David says that will be useful for the bedroom.

"And, do you know, after I had fixed up with David two other men called to see me. So you see I could have had a choice. But of course I would not go back on my word and I am sure we are going to be very happy. If I did not think we would be happy I would not be afraid to draw out at the last minute.

★ ★ ★

WHEN THE BUREAU WAS opened the Mayor promised a honeymoon in Ramsgate to the first couple to get married. But the bride and bridegroom of Cornwall did not want a honeymoon, so Mr. and Mrs. Wade had it instead—a week at one of the hotels.

The next marriage on the list will take place in January, this time between an official connected with the Stock Exchange and a girl from Essex. Both are just over thirty, and very anxious that nobody should know how they met.

Another engagement is between two young people in Ramsgate. Mr. Weston is a chef—an orphan with nobody in the world, very shy, and found it hard to make friends. Miss Ottway is also an orphan. "They are both exceptionally nice," said Mrs. Hicks. "Much too nice to pick up with just anybody.

"Miss Ottway was furious when she found somebody else had given her name in to me as a joke. She came up in a terrible state, vowing to take proceedings if she could find who had done it.

"I talked to her for a bit, and then she confessed that she did fancy Mr. Weston's qualifications. So 'Why not ring him up?' I said. 'You might like him, you know.'

"She did. They liked each other. And now they are getting married next October. What looked like a storm brewing turned out happy sunshine after all."

A man aged thirty-four, home from India on leave, wrote a long letter to Mrs. Hicks describing the girl he is looking for. Here is what he wants.

Age anything over twenty-five.

Looks—not necessarily pretty, but reasonable good looks. Not too much make-up, none for preference.

Good temper.

Need not be a sports girl, but good average health.

Need not dance, "but I think most girls can nowadays."

Sincere and dependable—"but I can judge that for myself."

"Any girl who thinks she could face life in India with me need not be afraid to approach me because she has not a lot of money to spend on clothes. Smart clothes and make-up do not mean everything to me."

★ ★ ★

THIS MAN, WHO HAS A Government job in India, read in the newspapers that the Ramsgate Marriage Bureau was so busy that it was closing down for the rest of this year. So he wrote a second letter to Mrs. Hicks begging her to regard his as a case for special treatment. She is.

A lonely English girl—no relatives—is teaching in Czecho-Slovakia. She comes to England for her holidays and wants to get in touch with an Englishman to meet while out there with a view to marrying and returning home.

Such are the first fruits of what I began by calling a rather daring experiment. I don't suppose the results of every Ramsgate bureau marriage will be blessed. But the same may be said of marriages brought about in any circumstances.

What may happen to Mrs. Hicks' brides and bridegrooms in six months or a year's time is, as Kipling used to say, another story.

D. C.

Terribly Weak and Anæmic

"For twelve months I was in a terribly weak, anæmic state," states Miss J. Coward, of 5, West Street, Weston-super-Mare. "I was always languid and could not eat: I felt terribly depressed and miserable, and grew very thin. I was ghastly pale and frequently felt faint and giddy. Then boils came out on my face. I felt so absolutely worn out that I feared I should have to give up my work.

"I read about Dr. Williams pink pills, and decided to try them. I soon felt much better, and within three weeks the boils had disappeared. I could sleep well, and had a splendid appetite. Now I am full of life and vitality: I have regained all my lost weight, and feel absolutely fit."

The only way to combat anæmia is to supply the system with new blood: that is exactly what Dr. Williams' brand pink pills do, and it is because these pills really do create new, rich blood, that they are so successful in the treatment of anæmia, palpitation, loss of appetite and nerve troubles. Try these pills now and notice the quick improvement in your health: 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams'

"MURPHY ADVERTISING TOUCHES MY HEART . . . BUT IT HASN'T SUCCEEDED IN TOUCHING MY POCKET ——— THE SETS ARE TOO DEAR"

It's a hard life. Too dear!!! If *that* is what people think, our advertising can't be much good, because it has been conveying the wrong impression altogether.

You can buy a Murphy set for only £6.7.6 and if you compare it (or any of our models) with a similar set of any other make, you will soon see that you get jolly good money's worth in a Murphy. And, even if you haven't got a large "nest egg" upon which you can draw to pay cash for a radio set, you can buy on Hire Purchase. Over 50% of the radio sets in this country are already bought in this way, and Murphy Dealers will be only too glad to arrange "terms to suit all pockets". Too dear! My Hat!

MODEL B.23—3-valve battery operated straight H.F. receiver. Fitted with moving coil loudspeaker and wavelength dial extending from 195–550 and 850–2,100 metres. Uses any 120-volt H.T. battery. The consumption at this voltage is only 7 m/a. Automatic grid bias, avoiding the necessity for separate bias battery. Well finished cabinet in laminated wood with front finished in Walnut.

£6.7.6 *Batteries extra, costing from about 15/.*

OTHER TABLE MODELS FROM £9.17.6
AND CONSOLE MODELS FROM £13.10.0
RADIOGRAMOPHONES FROM £24.0.0

These prices do not apply in the I.F.S.

MURPHY

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. All models available on Hire Purchase Terms. Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts. Telephone: Welwyn Garden 8181

C.R.C. 634

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I *know* that property is the ideal form of investment, but what do I know of property management and how do I know which property to buy and which to leave severely alone?"

The United Investors Co-operative Debenture Society provides the perfect solution to the problem. Through its system of co-operative property ownership the prudent investor is offered the highest dividend compatible with safety and, if necessary, the easy liquidation of his capital, while the efficient management of the Society ensures that the properties are wisely bought and skilfully and profitably handled.

The Society has acquired property situated on key sites, built and in course of erection, which has been valued by the well-known firm of Messrs. Knight, Frank & Rutley at over £650,000.

Here, then, is the ideal method of co-operative property ownership for the prudent investor. Your capital is secured by the purchase of only first-rate property, and your dividends are paid regularly every half-year.

You owe it to yourself to fill in the coupon below. An illustrated brochure describing in full the activities of the Society will be sent to you entirely without obligation. Investigate this modern and profitable form of property ownership now.

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Please send me particulars, without any obligation on my part, explaining how I may invest any sum from £5 upwards in your Society.

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Rover Scout escapes bad Cold by own Good Deed

Bruce's mother, Mrs. H. Coles, Kings Road, Fleet, adds: "Thanks to Vick I have not had one bad cold this winter. At bedtime I rub it on my chest and back. By morning, the cold has disappeared."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

Now Improved— WHITE, STAINLESS VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

WHAT EXACTLY IS CATARRH?

Doctors say that catarrh is one of the most dangerous of unsuspected diseases. Four out of five people suffer from it in some form. Usually it begins with a simple cold. Then it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, nose, throat, lungs and stomach, whence its poison spreads all over the system.

There is one sure way to end catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts, but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes will. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs, and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing, antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system.

How to prove it

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, &c., get a packet at any chemist to-day or just send a postcard or the coupon below, and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR THE NEW ENLARGED PACKAGE, SELLING AT THE OLD PRICE

FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name.....

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(Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

Dr. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES

You'll BENEFIT by EATING— NUTTALL'S MINTOES

Lord St. Just *Mr. C. J. Hambro* *Mr. F. C. Tiarks* *Sir E. Peacock* *Sir Robert Kindersley* *Mr. Montagu Norman*

Neville's BIG BOSSES

A FINANCIAL tangle, which has strangled trade for years, is at last being unravelled now that France and half a dozen other nations have gone off the Gold Standard.

Britain looks forward to increased world trade—and Britain believes that Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his Treasury officials will work hard to secure for us a share in the benefits that may come.

But behind the Chancellor of the Exchequer are nine men who meet in secret, who never disclose their decisions, who never brag of their authority—and who, nevertheless, tell Mr. Chamberlain what he may do, and what he may not do. In the straightening out of this currency scramble *they* will have the last word.

They are Britain's economic dictators, the men who run the Bank of England, which in turn runs our financial system.

They are known in theory (when they are mentioned at all, which is seldom) as the Court of Treasury of the Bank of England. Of the nine, the names of only two are published to the world—Montagu Collet Norman, governor of the Bank, and Basil Gage Catterns, his deputy.

These two hold ex-officio positions on this mysterious Court, but the remaining seven names are never divulged.

* * *

NEVERTHELESS, it is possible to discover their names. They are certainly not those members of the Board who make a show of representing British industry, the iron and steel chiefs or the shipping magnates. Rather they are the private merchant bankers of the City whose offices stand in the shadow of the Old Lady's imposing new building.

In fact, it is "all Lombard Street to a China orange" that these are the men who meet round the highly polished table of the Court of Treasury: Mr. C. J. Hambro, Lord St. Just, Sir Robert Kindersley, Mr. E. Holland-Martin, Mr. Cecil Lubbock, Sir Edward Peacock and Mr. F. C. Tiarks.

What do we know about them?

Mr. C. J. Hambro, managing director of the bank which bears his name, is not to be confused with Mr. C. J. Hambro, leader of the Norwegian Conservative Party, though their political outlook is identical. The Hambros have been pleasantly associated with the Old Lady since 1879, and Mr. Charles (as he is known in the Bishopsgate office) is, at forty, one of their most youthful nominees.

In the City Mr. Hambro keeps as straight a bat as he did at Lord's when he captained the Eton eleven in 1915. For two years he was the man behind Britain's £350,000,000 Exchange Equalisation Account. He is never likely to keep a bigger account than that.

Family nominee, too, is Lord St. Just (better known as Mr. E. C. Grenfell), sixty-six-year-old senior partner of Morgan, Grenfell and Co., parent house of the whole group of financial institutions presided over by American millionaire John Pierpont Morgan.

Morgan, Grenfell and Company has a subscribed capital of £5,000,000, and Lord St. Just is probably worth at least a fifth of that handsome sum. Tall, grim,

"... *take his cue from them*"

elegant, he maintains a hatred of radicalism, a profound conviction that Socialism would mean starvation.

In the 1931 crisis he denounced "the luxury of these new fangled social services" with all the fervour of the die-hard Tory that he is.

A lively contrast (though another family nominee) is Sir Edward Peacock, who at sixty-five finds himself managing director of the House of Baring, which has been associated with the Bank of England for more than a century.

Forty years back in Toronto College, Canada, he was senior house master at £200 a year. To-day he earns as much a week. In the interim he has become intimate friend of the late King, banker of repute, and at least part guardian of the Russian Imperial Government's millions which the House of Baring still watch over.

* * *

DIFFERENT, again, is Sir Robert Kindersley, chairman and managing director of Lazard Brothers, international bankers with associated houses in Paris and New York. A striking dark, commanding figure, the chief of Lazards is also an economist of note, an eager (but not to successful) unraveller of Europe's crazy financial tangles, and an ardent advocate of thrift.

To him goes chief credit for negotiation of the £50,000,000 loan from France and the United States to Britain in the autumn of 1931 when crisis loomed around the corner.

More sensible than several of his fellows, Sir Robert believes in cheap money and wise spending; but he likes people to save ....

Mr. Cecil Lubbock has other ideas. He is chairman of the Bank of New Zealand, interested in brewing and insurance companies, president of an association formed to protect the interests of British investors whose money is tied up abroad. His own family has long associations with the Bank of England, while he himself is father-in-law of Lord Cunliffe of Goschens and Cunliffe, another firm of merchant bankers.

Mr. Lubbock hated Britain going off the Gold Standard in 1931, said it was not scrupulously honest; and he has his doubts about the advantages of a high standard of living.

The House of Shroeder's nominee to Threadneedle Street is Mr. F. C. Tiarks, a descendant of a German family who was educated on the old H.M.S. Brilliant and served in the Royal Navy for seven years. Shroeder's has never relinquished its German ties, and to-day it acts as the financial agent in London for Germany. But its present interests are world-wide—as, indeed, are Mr. Tiarks'.

A cause for speculation is the presence on the Court of Mr. Edward Holland-Martin, the young son of a director of Martins Bank. Martins Bank is akin to a smaller brother of the Big Five which it may one day transform into the Big Six. But it is frankly a commercial bank, and for long commercial banks were not allowed any representation on the Old Lady's Board.

Appropriately, the sign of Martins Bank is the Gresham grasshopper. Young Mr. Holland-Martin has hopped across to Threadneedle Street, City gossip says, to walk in the footsteps of the master, Mr. Norman himself.

* * *

MR. EDWARD HOLLAND-MARTIN, indeed, is being groomed to succeed Mr. Norman.

So we come to Mr. Montagu Collet Norman, this fantastic figure around whom innumerable tales have been woven, who has publicly declared that he is puzzled by our current economic problems and can see no way out of them.

These are the men who constitute a self-perpetuating banking government, who are elected from among themselves to a position of enormous public importance, controllers of our economic destiny, and technically responsible to no one!

Theoretically, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Cabinet control the financial and economic policy of Britain, but in practice the Chancellor's hands are tied. The State's financial policy is almost entirely formed by the nine secret men of the Bank of England.

Their advice is equivalent to a command. One has only to consider the relations between past Chancellors and the Bank of England to understand which is the dominating force.

Through the note issue, which it controls, and the Bank Rate, which it decides, the Bank of England can make credit plentiful or restricted, borrowing cheap or dear. So in its hand are the most potent weapons for encouraging industrial expansion—or for ending it.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer talks. The Nine Secret Men of the Bank of England act, and Mr. Chamberlain takes his cue from them.

STOMACH PAIN IS NATURE'S WIRELESS

Don't Wait for the S O S.

Nature has many ways of warning the sufferer from stomach trouble that all is not well. Heaviness or dullness after eating, distension of the stomach, flatulence ("wind"), heartburn—these are warning symptoms not to be ignored.

In many cases, even the majority, no serious consequence will ensue provided action is taken at once to get rid of the cause. Mostly this is acidity which eats into the stomach walls until it is corrected. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder neutralises acidity from the first dose. It has cured thousands of a stomach condition that was fraught with really serious danger—the dreaded gastric or duodenal ulcer.

Never dilly-dally with stomach trouble. Treat yourself immediately with the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle, which has brought lasting relief to thousands. Powder or tablets, 1/3, 2/-, 3/-. Never sold loose.

Saves Teeth

IN the short time Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste for teeth and gums has been on sale thousands of sufferers from gingivitis and pyorrhoea have had their mouths restored to health—many, indeed, would have lost their teeth without it.

Read this letter—typical of hundreds received from Dentists:—

"Thank you for your letter re Gibbs 'S.R.' I have used it since it was first introduced, and have several patients whom I feel sure would be toothless had it not been for this preparation." (Ref. D.28.)

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste contains the actual substance used by Dentists all over the world for gum disorders.

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste is a great help to the Dentist in his work, because it destroys the bacteria that cause pyorrhoea and other gum troubles—renders harmless the poisons they produce and stimulates the resistance of the tissues to attack.

Start using Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste NOW! You will see an amazing improvement in a very few days. Not only is it ideal for the gums, Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste is also exceptionally fine for the teeth; stubborn stains disappear and the teeth become surprisingly white without damage to the enamel.

Ask Your Dentist!

Gibbs "S.R."

TOOTH PASTE

FOR TEETH & GUMS

Price 1/3 per large tube. From all Chemists.

GR13

The *Quick* Way

WITH

RHEUMATIC PAINS

Rub on this
SUPER-STRENGTH OINTMENT

This treatment will make sure of instant relief! Get a pot of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is super-strength. It is the most powerful remedy you can buy, yet it will not burn or blister. Thousands who have been driven well nigh desperate with those agonising stabbing pains have found blessed relief from this agony in a jar of Musterole!

Because Musterole is so much more powerful and penetrating it costs a little more than ordinary preparations, but what are a few pence against the *certain* and almost instant relief from pain and discomfort that Musterole brings? Actually, you will find Musterole very economical because, owing to its great penetrating power, you need use so little at a time. A pot of Musterole in the house may save you and yours hours of pain and misery—it is equally swift and sure with coughs, sore throats, chest colds, muscular rheumatism, 'Flu (in thousands of cases it has prevented pneumonia), aches and sprains and congestion.

MUSTEROLE BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT

PRICE 2/6

MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Finest Sheffield Tools

ONLY are included in the New and Improved G.T.L. Tool Chest making it better value than ever.

ALL BEST BRITISH

WITH THE ALL-BEST-BRITISH G.T.L Tool Chest AND HOME REPAIRING OUTFIT

YOUR spare time—during the present long winter evenings, can be turned to good account if you've a G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit. With it you can make a thousand-and-one useful articles for your home and garden, and it opens up a new and inexpensive way of adding to the comfort, convenience and amenities of your property, while saving you literally pounds a year in repairs for which you would otherwise have to pay. Incidentally, it also affords a new, pleasurable way of adding to your income by making articles to sell. So that—with a G.T.L. Tool Chest—instead of spending money in your leisure hours, you will be making it, saving it and enjoying it!

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

A valuable FREE BOOK OF INSTRUCTION, containing over 200 working illustrations, is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. If you have never handled a tool, you CAN be sure of immediate success because this book tells you what to make and shows you step-by-step how to make it.

THE NEW AND IMPROVED G.T.L. TOOL CHEST

The new G.T.L. Chest for 1936/7 has been vastly improved by the inclusion of additional Tools and improvements to existing ones. Now there are nearly sixty high quality articles, all the finest Sheffield Tools, neatly fitted in steel clips, and they come to you direct from the manufacturers after being carefully tested. Everything for every purpose is here, and the G.T.L. Tool Chest stands alone in its quality, completeness and arrangement. This Chest *is the original and only* G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest.

A FEW SHILLINGS BRINGS YOU THE G.T.L. TOOL CHEST AT ONCE ON 7 DAYS APPROVAL

A first payment of a few shillings and the G.T.L. Tool Chest is sent at once to your home CARRIAGE PAID and packing free. The balance can be paid by small monthly sums to suit your pocket; meanwhile the G.T.L. Tool Chest is making money for you.

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A beautiful 16-page BROCHURE describing the G.T.L. GUARANTEED TOOL CHEST and Home Repairing Outfit in detail, and telling how you can save and make money—as tens of thousands of others are already doing—will be sent Free if you **POST THIS COUPON NOW!**

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Please send me by return, free of all cost and obligation, your beautifully illustrated booklet of the G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit, together with particulars of price, and how I can obtain it at once for a small first payment. (PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY)

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SKIN DISEASE and BAD FOOT

Dear Sirs, *Walthamstow, E.17. 29th January, 1936.*

While attending a dog suffering from a skin disease, I managed to catch the infection. I had all sorts of ointment, but got no benefit at all, indeed at times the irritation was terrible. I decided to try *Germolene*. I heard it was a good ointment—good is not the word—it is *wonderful*, because from the moment I applied it it was like a gift from Heaven.

A neighbour of mine was laid up with a bad foot—I asked him to try *Germolene*. He did so and his foot is quite healed. Every household should have *Germolene* on hand.

Thanking you, Yours truly,
—(Signed) (Mrs.) F. S.

ACCEPT THIS OFFER

PROVE NOW, AT OUR INVITATION, the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., within one month of purchase and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL!

ECZEMA, BAD LEG, PSORIASIS, ACNE, PIMPLES, BOILS, CUTS, RASH, SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, BRUISES, INJURIES.
Healed By
Germolene
6D Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
1/3, 3/-, & 12/- Per Tin, Tubes 4/6

For PILES Use GERMOLOIDS
Brand 1/3 per box.

'O.K.' said Stanley, and..

Stanley Gliksten (standing) and Albert Gliksten (right) bought the team "for fun," and Jimmy Seed, running it for them, has made it a startling success

Charlton Went All Gliksten!

"IN our office one afternoon after lunch I said casually to my little brother, 'What about buying a football team, Stanley?'

"'O.K.,' said Stanley.

The speaker was Mr. Albert Gliksten, chairman of the Charlton Athletic Football Club.

"We bought our club there and then. Now, when anything calls for a decision," he went on, "I just say to my brother, 'What about it, Stanley?' 'O.K.' says he. It's a handy arrangement because, as well as being co-directors of Charlton, we're also joint managing directors of the family business."

"Does Stanley never disagree with your views?"

"Only about nine times in ten," Albert replied. "But that doesn't matter a hoot. We then ask Mr. Arnott on the house 'phone for his opinion."

"Who is Mr. Arnott?"

"Oh, he's primarily the chief accountant of the Gliksten business, but we've also made him a director of Charlton. A useful sort of chap to have on tap."

It is in this carefree, amiable spirit that the destinies are settled of the team of which everyone who knows the smallest thing about first-class professional football is talking to-day.

In every town with a First Division team the chief event this season is not the visit of the Cup-holders or the League leaders, but Charlton."

For Charlton is certainly a freak team. There has never been anything like its upward flight in three seasons from bankruptcy and the bottom of the Third Division to the leadership of the Second Division, and then to the top rungs of the First Division.

All this has been made possible by Albert and Stanley Gliksten. When the club was in ruins—actually in the possession of a receiver—they bought it up nearly four years ago—"for a bit of quiet fun," as Albert, the chairman, says.

Don't like fuss

From the Baltic to the Bahamas, wherever men buy and sell timber, the name of Gliksten has been known for generations. Albert goes on world trips to buy up forests. Stanley roams Europe selling every kind of wood product.

The brothers are still in their thirties and are reputed millionaires.

At any Charlton home match the spectators look as one man towards the directors' box when the Glikstens arrive to watch their miracle team.

But the brothers detest any kind of fuss. "I suppose," says Albert, "it's only the penalty we must suffer for introducing sound business methods into football and making it a sport and entertainment in the first place for the man-in-the-street."

When Albert, who is 6 ft. 3 in. tall and of Herculean build, speaks of Stanley as his "little brother" he is taking advantage of only a slight difference in their proportions. And Stanley happens to be his senior in age by a few years.

How came these two young men to own a First Division football club? Let Albert speak again:

"One day, about four years ago, I was having a business deal with an Arsenal director when I jokingly chided him about football management. 'Look here, young man,' he said, 'you don't know what you're talking about. Get into football management yourself and you'll sing another tune. But I advise you to stick to timber.'

"I took that as a kind of challenge. Back in the office after lunch I put the proposition to my brother that we should buy a football team for ourselves.

"'O.K.,' said he.

"We went on the prowl and found Charlton moribund, derelict and sagging under a load of debt. We liked their ground, The Valley—a natural amphitheatre which we have already made capable of accommodating 80,000. In a few days the club and its debts were ours.

Team spirit

"Next we set out to find a manager. We lit on Jimmy Seed, and saw in him a fellow after our own hearts. 'That's the man for us,' I said to my brother. 'O.K.,' said Stanley.

"Well, the rest of the story is common knowledge. Charlton, without any expensive buying of players, began to rocket. Everyone said it couldn't last for long. What they didn't know was that in the new Charlton there was a team spirit unlike anything ever before known in professional football.

"I can't explain how that team spirit grew up, except that Stanley and I tried to get together a team of unselfish sportsmen. We composed one.

"That team spirit runs down to the humblest servant of the club. Our groundsman is the proudest in the land, because he can whitewash lines that are straighter or more perfectly circular than those to be seen on any other football pitch."

"What has this success cost you and your brother?" Albert was asked.

"Not more than £45,000," he replied with a semblance of a blush. "Of course, we arn't seeking a penny in return. We've got fat dividends already in the fun of the thing.

"What is the greatest satisfaction the spending of £45,000 on a hobby has given you?"

No interference

"Not the fact," said Albert, "that we have risen so rapidly from nowhere into the first flight of football, but that not for two seasons has any player in our teams ever had to be cautioned by a referee for foul play."

"To what extent do you interfere with Jimmy Seed in team management.

Albert seemed shocked to be asked such a question. "Jimmy," he explained, "has complete dictatorship over the team. Stanley and I found out early that the clubs which are the lowest in the leagues are those in which the directors meddle with the teams. Jimmy is so supreme that he doesn't consult even us about the selection of the teams."

On a high mantelpiece in the young Glikstens' oak-panelled office there is a space which seems strangely vacant.

'I think we'll leave that bit empty for the English Cup," remarked Albert.

"O.K.," said Stanley.

Race with "Silver Ring"

SON-IN-LAW

I AM asked for details of the veteran sire, Son-in-Law, who is responsible for Fet and Near Relation, the Cesarewitch winner and runner-up.

This remarkable horse is certainly a Son-in-Law worth having, and, as he is still getting two-year-old winners, is likely to dominate the stamina races for some years to come.

The direct offspring of Son-in-Law have won nearly 600 races and over £350,000 in stake money.

Son-in-Law has failed to sire a Derby, St. Leger or Two Thousand Guineas winner, but while there's life there is a lot of hope in his particular case.

My final for the Cambridgeshire is Pegomas each-way.

At Newbury this week-end note Velvet Cushion and Aristocracy.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, October 22, to Wednesday, October 28.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

COLDS AND COUGHS CURED BY NEW HOME-MADE RECIPE

Actually it's an old-fashioned recipe brought right up to date. The home-made syrup you make by mixing an ounce of Double Strength Parmint with half a pint of sugar or honey syrup always has been the best of all remedies for colds, coughs or any catarrhal infection.

But now, when you get the Parmint from your chemist, he'll give you some special tablets called Parmintabs. Take one of these tablets first and it breaks up the phlegm which chokes your air passages. Your breathing instantly becomes easier, the noises in your head cease and the healing, soothing medicaments of the Parmint can get right at the infectious germs which have been lurking in the tiny airways.

You'll be surprised what instant relief this new Double Treatment brings and how quickly it gets rid of your trouble altogether. You've never had anything cure a cold so rapidly. Make a point of getting that Parmint to-day and make up a bottle of your own medicine at once. It's very economical and very easy to make up.

Thick, Strong Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY.
Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in scobbids until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko, before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.
M. J. MURPHY.

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation. Kotalko nourishes and feeds the hair organism, reviving new and vigorous life and growth.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the coupon below.

To JOHN HARY BENTHAM, LTD., 9, Percy Street (S.P.B.), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Packages of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose (*postage*) in stamps.
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ADDRESS .....
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Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP, the Tonic Shampoo.

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" FREE!

This unique Handbook shows the easy way to secure A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T., A.M.I.R.E., and similar qualifications.

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Details are given of over 150 *Diploma Courses* in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., Radio and Television Engineering, Building, Government Employment, etc. Write for this enlightening Handbook to-day FREE and post free.

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GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 18 x 10 x 9in.

GRAVES 'V3' ALL-MAINS SET marks the biggest advance yet made in popular-price Radio. Never before has such a magnificent All Mains Receiver been offered at such a Bargain Price on terms so transparently fair. Graves Value is unequalled, and there is no better protection than the Graves Guarantee. If you have electric light, The Graves 'V.3' Receiver is the Set you should buy, for it is supreme in Quality, Value & Performance, and costs little to run.

8/- Monthly

RADIO'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

Built up entirely of British components of warranted excellence and reliability, including Iron-cored Multi-wire Coils, the cores being of a new pattern and of exceptional efficiency. The Moving Coil Loud Speaker has a Metal Magnet and a new type of non-ferrous chassis; the valves are: Two High Frequency Pentodes; One High Power Output Pentode, and One robust Rectifier—all of latest pattern British make. The Cabinet, as illustrated, has a Walnut veneer front with figured centre panel, beautifully grained crossbands and neat sycamore inlays. The Equipment is complete in every way, including Mains Cord and dual connector (for wall plug or lamp holder); and either Inside or Outside Aerial according to your wishes. There is nothing else to buy, the whole outfit is securely packed and sent Carriage Paid. Price **£7:12:0**

Terms: 8/- Monthly.

MOST IMPORTANT.—Nothing is added to the price for easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Sets

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Here's What's Wrong with THIN, ILL, WEAK, NERVOUS PEOPLE!

They Need Strength-Building NATURAL MINERALS and FOOD IODINE in their Blood and Glands!

Accept This Startling "Prove it" Offer—
Your Money back if "VIKELP" Tablets do not . . .

1. Correct Malnutrition.
2. Add at least 5 lbs. of Firm Flesh.
3. Banish Systemic Disorders such as Constipation, Rheumatism, Goitre, Indigestion, Insomnia.
4. Strengthen and Calm Nerves.
5. Make You Eat and Sleep Better.
6. Give you Radiant Health, New Strength, Tireless Energy.

IF you are weak, skinny, run-down, and suffering from malnutrition—if you go around always tired, nervous, ailing, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your health, strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel well. Medical men and nutrition experts have at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explain an amazing, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands—especially the Thyroid—control this health and body building process—glands which require a regular ration of the 12 life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE (not the ordinary toxic kind, but the *iodine* that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.) The simplest and quickest way to get these precious needed substances (Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus, Magnesium, etc.) is "Vikelp" Tablets, the astonishing mineral concentrate from the Pacific Ocean. They are 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With "Vikelp" Tablets' MINERAL and FOOD IODINE, you quickly normalise your weight and strength-building glands, correct malnutrition, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring health and strength. Your body is not only rejuvenated but faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely.

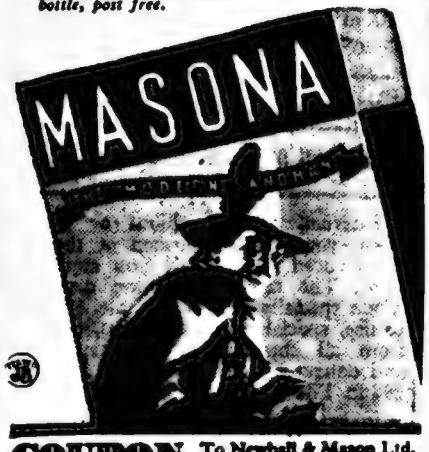
Try "Vikelp" Tablets for 10 days. Notice how much better you feel, eat and sleep, how your appetite improves and colour comes back into your cheeks. And if you don't gain extra pounds of good solid flesh the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. They cost but little to use. 40 tablets 1/9d., 100 3/6d. 225 6/9d., 675 17/6d. If your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6d. for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. J.B. 10/4, Health Product Laboratories Ltd., 10, Henrietta St., Cavendish Sq., London, W.1.

VIKELP brand HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

Can't sleep?—Well try this new herbal nightcap drink—it's made by a famous firm of herb specialists...

Everybody takes a "nightcap" drink of some sort—either as a habit or in the hope of promoting sound sleep. MASONA is a new, very inexpensive herbal nightcap drink that has the two great advantages of being non-fattening and not interfering in the least with the digestion. Simply a drink—it does not nourish the body, but it *does* soothe the nervous system and induce sound, comfortable rest. Pleasant to taste, too, and easy to prepare; simply put a spoonful of MASONA in a tumbler and add hot or cold water. A 1/- bottle makes 12 drinks.

Sold by chemists, grocers, departmental stores. If you have any difficulty in obtaining it send the coupon for a 1/- trial bottle, post free.



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Please send me one trial bottle of MASONA. I enclose 1/- 9th
Name .....
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Stops 2d COLDS CHILLS, 'FLU FEVERISHNESS

Sniff! — Sneeze! ! — Eyes Burning — Head Thumping — Forehead Flushed and Feverish —Limbs like Lead—if YOU are in the throes of these symptoms, then here's the finest news you've ever read! YOU CAN STOP THAT COLD OR 'FLU FOR 2d.! BEECHAMS Brand POWDERS act like magic, yet they cost only 2d. EACH. BEECHAMS POWDERS are also just as wonderful for Headaches, Nerve Pains, Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Their special medicinal properties—which, for quick acting purposes are made up in special powder form—enable them to get right to the root of the pain and banish it quickly!

Headaches Neuralgia Rheumatism Lumbago Nerve Pains

Beechams BRAND **Powders**
ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 powders, 1/3 Single Powders 2d. each.
Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juvenile', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Disordered Digestion Relieved

THE little discomfort or flatulence after meals, neglected, often causes that dangerous heart palpitation, those burning, griping pains, that sour, acid stomach that makes you pain-wrecked, nerve-shattered and worn-out.

Furry, coated tongue, dreadful bilious headaches, spotted, sallow complexion, stuffiness, flushing and irregular bowel action—diarrhœa sometimes, but more frequently long periods of weakening constipation. These symptoms, too, most surely warn you to deal with your digestive trouble at once.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has brought an entirely new principle to the treatment of digestive troubles. All that up-to-date science and research have taught are combined in this simple yet therapeutically correct powder. The wonderfully successful colloidal-kaolin principle is incorporated among other features. This principle ensures that the system is cleansed completely of harmful bacteria, whilst at the same time the digestive tract is soothed and strengthened.

De Witt's Antacid Powder acts quickly. It is the instant, gentle, sure and certain action of this remedy that has made it so immediately popular.

De Witt's Antacid Powder

1/6 of all Chemists. Double Size 2/6

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

If you have kidney trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your life a misery. Sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked after weakening illness, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the blood. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not cleansing the blood of uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned.

So you must realise that to get relief you must take a medicine that will act directly on the kidneys. A medicine that will reduce the inflammation in the kidneys themselves—one that will tone up those weak organs and enable them once again to do their purifying work.

Start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills, which act directly on the kidneys. They begin their work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witts Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The uric acid deposits which cause the pain in muscles and joints will be dissolved and cast out of the body.

The relief brought by De Witts Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Be sure you get the genuine

De WITTS BRAND **KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS** 1/3 3/- 5/-

The Editor Laughs Last

KIT (Durham).—"Where is the really kind, considerate and helpful husband?" Married to the other woman.

J. S. (Dover).—"I bought a pair of old football boots at a jumble sale." To set the ball rolling?

J. D (Plymouth).—"Why are so many men stingy in the matter of braces?" Probably it's a matter of upkeep.

S. E. (Chepstow).—"I couldn't believe him when he told me he had eaten five dozen oysters" You couldn't swallow it.

BARGAIN-HUNTER (Islington).—"Because the furniture was very dusty, it fetched ridiculously low prices." Dirt cheap, then.

TRAVELLER (Braintree).—"I know the cliffs of Dover upside down." You must have had a rough crossing.

H. J. W. (Chatham).—"There's only one thing I want to take me to sea." A boat?

RIDER (Mansfield).—"What, to give an example, is a cyclist's paradox?" When he puts the brake on straight off.

BOXER (Kennington).—"I've got a return fight with my last opponent, and this time I'll make him sit up." Wouldn't it be better to make him lie down?

G. M. (W. Hartlepool).—"It was due to my carelessness that the receipt was burnt, so I had to settle the account twice." You had to pay for it.

FARMER (Devon).—"Even with a constitution of iron a man can't stand all the rain we get here." He is inclined to get rusty, of course.

D. U. (Huddersfield).—"It ought to be the ambition of every man to rise above all others in his profession." Not, however, if he makes fireworks.

H. W. J. (Dulwich).—"My wife says that I think more of the wireless than I do of her." You get less interference, perhaps.

OLD BRIGADER (Bath).—"As a schoolboy my masters never caught me taking a birching lying down." They caught you bending.

J. G. (Chelsea).—"At a forthcoming sale of work a prominent artist is to sketch the organiser on a blackboard 20 ft. wide by 35 ft. high." This is certain to prove an immense draw.

PILOT (Hendon).—"Descending in a parachute on a fine day makes one think one is in a dream." Unfortunately, one is always brought back to earth with a bump!

OCULIST (Leeds).—"There are somethink like 1,000,000 men in this country who suffer from defective eyesight." We waved to one of them to stop his 'bus the other morning.

G. T. J. (Edinburgh).—"What can one say with certainty of a woman who celebrates her hundredth birthday this month?" That she was born in October, 1836.

MAID (Kensington).—"When I reached the top of the stairs, I announced the man by his real name instead of by the fictitious one he had given me." You showed him up!

M.R. Sheffield —"I recently gave my parrot away." Why, did it give you away?

"Sh—the customer wishes to have his seven-day free trial here." From "*The Passing Show*"

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

B. L. (Bermondsey).—"There's money in dog-dealing." Selling people pups?

B. B. (York).—"I have taken two baths a day for the past ten years." What do you do with them all?

PROUD PARENT (Edinburgh).—"My son's hobbies are photography and gymnastics." He is determined to develop himself.

G. S. (Derby).—"The free fight started after the referee had awarded our opponents a penalty." A spot of bother.

D. L. (Deal).—"Many farmers are burning their stubble this year." It seems a painful method seeing that safety-razors are so cheap.

B. D. (Birkenhead).—"Sheep are supposed to be silly, but they aren't as soft as they look." So you've had a tough bit of mutton, too?

D. S. (Burnham).—"And after paying all my debts, I hope to buy a house in the country and retire." You will settle down, after you have settled up!

F. G. (Carlisle).—"There is nothing worse than waiting for someone who doesn't turn up." Unless it is not having been waiting for someone who does.

J. L. (Frome).—"My opinion is that a woman's character can be told from her speech." And many another woman's character, too!

MRS. D. (Finsbury Park).—"The husband who is a handy man about the house can be relied upon not to stop out at night." Naturally, he repairs home.

POULTERER (W. London).—"I saw my assistant serve a woman with a brace of pheasants and only ring up sixpence on the till." That was giving the game away.

BILL (Manchester).—"Our centre-forward is a very tall fellow with a shock of red hair which shines like a beacon." No doubt he delights you with his flashing headers.

DETECTIVE (London S.W.).—"With the use of a length of string, I most conclusively proved that his theory was incorrect." And that your line of investigation was the right one?

GARDENER (Feltham).—"As I was pruning one of my favourite rose-trees I cut it well back and then noticed that the main stem and root were shrivelled up." You came to a dead end?

D. N. V. (Clapham).—"Which dogs live longest?" Dachshunds.

MRS. T. (Tooting).—"A woman can keep a secret." In circulation.

D. N. (Slough).—"In one race a jockey was on the wrong horse." That's generally where the public is.

ACROBAT (Boulogne).—"I find that sleep comes quickly after doing a lot of trapeze work." You drop off easily.

J. B. (Henlow).—"I blame my frayed nerves to my interest in jig-saw puzzles." So now you have gone all to pieces.

F. N. (Iver).—"Finding a horseshoe means an early marriage." Another belief is that finding a horseshoe is lucky.

MISS DOLLY (Camberwell).—"I hold a leading light of the film world in the hollow of my hand." Ah, kinema usher!

TIM (Cardiff).—"What do you think I said to my brother when he gave me a picture I didn't want?" Hang it!

MRS. S. (Bolton).—"When I make a resolution to buy new clothes, there is always one thing that tears it." The rent?

MRS. T. (Brondesbury).—"She had to admit that my linoleums looked better than hers." That's where you outshone her.

GEO. T. (York).—"A famous sprinter is said to be taking up public speaking." Well, he ought to know how to express himself.

A. S. (Bristol).—"It is a brave man who can make a decision and stick to it." Especially if it is for an "off-side" against the home team.

CURIOUS (Bishop Stortford).—"Which part of the world would you advise for a man who always thinks in narrow channels?" The Norwegian fiords.

H. T. (Benfleet).—"I can tell he is doing better with his motor business by the number of young fellows he employs" Improvers, of course.

MOTORIST (Warwick).—"Thanks to the work of the mobile police, the road hog is fast disappearing." Going—going—gong!

J. M. B. (Croydon).—"My neighbour insists on ruling the roost." Win one of those 500 plump Christmas Fowls offered on page 47 and it will be your turn to crow.

MRS. D. (Dartford).—"A headmaster has stated that from the viewpoint of intellect schoolboys of seven bear no comparison with schoolboys of fourteen." We could have told him quite definitely that they aren't in the same class.

B. H. (Hitchin).—"I have made the discovery that the earth's crust is continually moving." Be careful! Others have made this statement, and the next morning have been fined ten shillings plus the doctor's fee.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

CARLUKE AND LANARK GAZETTE:—"The auditorium is planned on modern lines and is designed to give everyone an INTERRUPTED view of the screen."

THE STAMFORD AND RUTLAND NEWS:—". . . after STEWING the table with the peel of about a dozen oranges. . ."

EVENING DISPATCH, EDINBURGH:—". . . imposed contemptuous fines on persons detected in FRAGRANT breaches of the speed-limit."

CORNISH EVENING HERALD:—". . . normally we are a great surplus POOL producing country."

THE HAWICK NEWS AND BORDER CHRONICLE:—". charged with having driven at a speed exceeding twenty MINUTES an hour."

WILTSHIRE TIMES:—"Miss —— presided at the new instrument, and the Army Band also took part in the MEDICAL portion of the service."

SMOKERS ARE WISE to insist on AG PAPERS

THERE ARE GOOD REASONS

A1 help for C3 throats

NIPITS PASTILLES 1 PKTS 3 TINS of all confectioners

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

JACK: You are really the most glorious creature under the sun, Neda, and I am not the only one that thinks so. All the evening people have been gazing up at our box looking at you.
NEDA: You are most ridiculous, you know I am no longer young. Many think I am only 26, but I shall be 44 next month. I study the soap I use. All my life I have only used cream to cleanse my face. The ordinary soap has a lot of soda, so I found a marvellous soap called Zee-Kol Almond Oil soap, and it is perfect for my skin. It is composed of Almond Oil, and I should advise you, Jack, to use it yourself. It is not 5/- per tablet—only 6d. and has a most delightful perfume, and this is the secret of my perfect complexion that you admire so much.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap keep one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol Pills are sold, price 1/3 and 5/- per box.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 314),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH

SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.

Hey! Presto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the finest shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.

Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.16 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me, Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. D66), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

The original recipe was beyond price in the days when it was first known, but to-day we can make up all these preparations for the skin.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

AT THE CASINO

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naida. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the world. She is a Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.
BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is.
SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses anything else for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 3/-.
BARBARA: That's wonderful. I shall not rest until I have got some.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at

1/3 or a large tin 3/-

or direct from:—

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL Co., Ltd.
(Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

STAGGERING PENSION plus FORTUNE

opens "John Bull's" Great

X-WORD XMAS CAMPAIGN!

WIN £25 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £1000 CASH

OR ONE MONSTER LUMP SUM OF £3,250

ADDITIONAL £250 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

LAST DAYS TO WIN THIS GIANT PRIZE!

YOU have only a few days left in which to secure the stupendous First Prize in JOHN BULL'S 38th Monster Crossword Contest, and your final Squares are on these pages.

Not only a wonderful Life Pension of £25 every month but an immediate fortune of £1,000 in cash in addition, with all its exciting possibilities, may well be yours—*but only if you get to work on those fascinating Clues right away.*

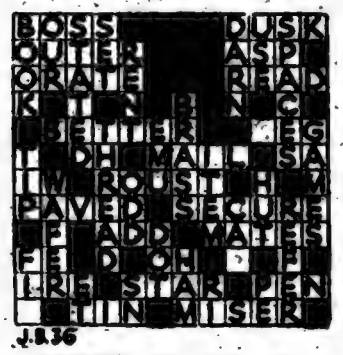
The fine sum of £250 cash awaits the Runners-up, whilst one of JOHN BULL'S famous Christmas Hampers will accompany *every* prize of £1 or over won in this splendid Contest. Further, every Runner-up from whom JOHN BULL has received not fewer than four sixpenny or prize coupons (eight squares) will have his or her award doubled!

But note that this is your last opportunity to participate in this Monster Offer with which JOHN BULL eclipses all other Crossword prize-lists of to-day. Start on your Squares this evening and be sure that they reach Long Acre by Friday, Oct. 30.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

For this Special Contest only you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other coupons appeared in last week's JOHN BULL. For further squares send penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

X-WORD No. 36



J.B.36

WINNERS ON PAGE 46.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Three spaces are left blank to indicate that at those points competitors who used the words REG or PEG, CAN or CAT, and FIT or FIX were regarded as having given apt and accurate Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 36 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

CLUES ACROSS

1. Tiny creatures found in cheese
6. Shady lawyer makes capital out of one
9. Good one is prisoner's best defence
10. Point in claiming
12. Harsh sound made by old stairs
15. Law provides certain protection for
18. Conceal
19. Part of circle in arcade
20. Beginning of duologue
21. May well be much stronger than it looks
22. Man who performs gallant act
24. Englishman who never costumes this is unusual
26. Ourselves in Sweden
27. Centre of scroll
28. Those with delicate scent are the dearest
29. Many notes may be contained in one
31. Wars and terrors end thus
33. Separate entries of account
37. Aid or encourage
40. First and last of November
41. Male relative in prison
43. Rub out
44. Few are taken in winter at seaside resorts
45. It's often hard to restrain one

CLUES DOWN

1. Windiness is commonly anticipated in this
2. Illness always begins thus
3. Bus drivers are this on long journeys
4. Found in cobwebs and debris
5. Can easily be used for dyeing purposes
6. Football Association, in brief
7. Good drawing of aged face is usually this
8. Before noon
11. Fruit must be carefully this, by jam makers
13. Is likely to go on angrily after falls
14. Engine that aviators use
15. Both ends of pier
16. Right treatment makes them yield better
17. Last half of moan
19. Yellow substance often made into cigarette holders
23. Some Hollywood stars get publicity through every new one they're seen in
25. Man who's made money can afford to go this
26. Big ones upset industrial production
30. Changeable one makes steering straight course difficult
32. Poacher's dog usually gets the best of this
34. Prefix meaning three
35. Manuscripts shortened
36. Bit of soda in poison
38. Barmaids and lawyers are called to this
39. Tiring for waitress to serve
42. Common to insects and humans
43. Middle cut of beef

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the thirty-eighth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Litt., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle and has given what in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, Nov. 12, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as directed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie, or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. For four coupons (eight squares) send TWO SHILLINGS. As many additional coupons as desired may be entered for this Special Contest at the same rate of Entry-fees. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Friday, October 30.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Nov. 12. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, Nov. 17, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prizes. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £3,250 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

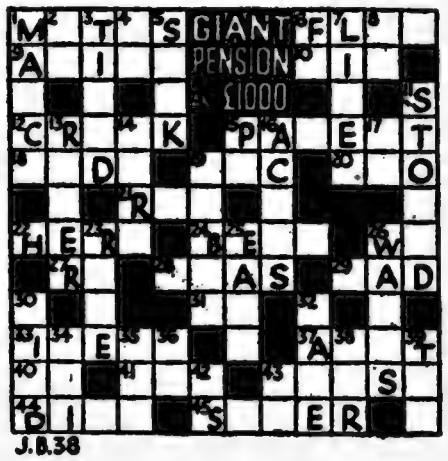
6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom the competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE For two squares, send P.O. for 6d.; for four squares, send 1s.; for six squares, send 1s. 6d.; for eight squares, send 2s.; extra squares for this Special Contest, as stated above, at same rates.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 38—CLOSING FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1936.

J.B.38



J.B.38

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

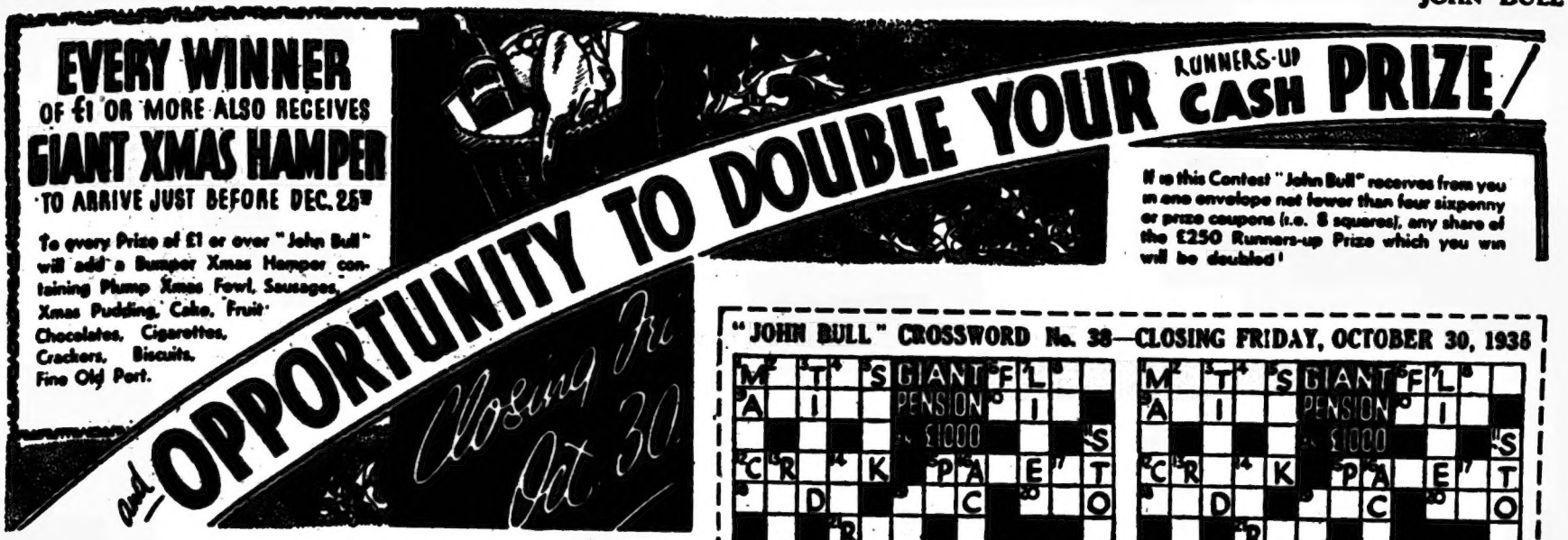
Name .....

Address .....

.....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE



KEEP YOUR COPIES HERE.

These miniature reproductions of "John Bull's" Crossword Squares are for your copies only and will NOT be accepted as entries.

TO HELP YOU WIN The greatest possible assistance to would-be Crossword winners is a study of the Reasons for the Adjudication Committee's findings, published each week in JOHN BULL'S free *Crossword Gazette*.

It also provides Entry Squares on fine paper, all the Crossword news and other constructive aid—entirely free!

Secure your weekly supply by enclosing with your Crossword entry the Reservation Form for *Crossword Gazette* on opposite page. Every reader now receives a free Entry Envelope weekly.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 38—CLOSING FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1936

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

P.O. value..... No.....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 38—CLOSING FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1936

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

ENTRY FEE for 6 Squares 1s. 6d.

P.O. value..... No.....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 38—CLOSING FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1936

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and I enclose

ENTRY FEE for 8 Squares 2s.

P.O. value..... No.....

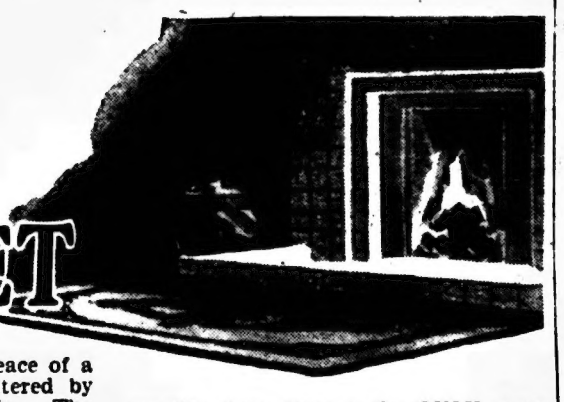
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY:—"JOHN BULL" Crossword No.38, 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

The FATAL CARPET



IN a cosy little home the peace of a Sunday evening was shattered by stark, unexpected tragedy. The happy housewife pottering about the room suddenly tripped over the carpet while arranging a chair. She fell to the floor violently and broke her thigh.

Despite everything possible being done for her she died in hospital as a result of her injuries.

This in brief is the tragic fate that befell Mrs. A. E. Lawley, of 373, Plumstead High Street, Plumstead, S.E.18.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHEQUE.

As the late Mrs. Lawley was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent.

Benefit for Home Accidents is but one of the many invaluable features of JOHN BULL'S unique world-record Family Security Gift.

In addition to many other accident benefits, JOHN BULL is the *ONLY* paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by **Fire, Storm, Flood** and **Tempest**, and is the *ONLY* paper to pay **Sickness** Benefit.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS

During the past week alone JOHN BULL distributed no less than £755 7s. 11d. to registered readers and their dependents as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£208	7	11
Accident Benefits—Adults ..	251	0	0
Accident Benefits—Children	296	0	0

One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen) and *all* Accident and Sickness Benefits are paid *in addition* to any amounts a registered reader may receive from any other sources. If you have not yet signed for Safety, fill up the Forms below *NOW*.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

.....Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24.10.36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 24.10.36

STRUGGLING AUTHOR earns £150 PER WORD

A telegraph boy knocked at his door and . . .

THE young man you see here is a struggling writer of short stories, and the telegram he is reading told him that, for adding four simple words to an *Example* in our 1,046th Contest, JOHN BULL would pay him at a rate that would make even Bernard Shaw envious.

He is Mr. F. T. Porter, 63, Wantage Road, Wallingford, Berks. And a £600 fortune was his magnificent reward for the neat and timely "short story," DIFFERENT STORY—POLITICIANS TELLING—CENOTAPH, SAME.

When I called to congratulate this 33-year-old bachelor, reports a JOHN BULL man, he told me that a walk past the Wallingford War Memorial brought him the idea for his telling First Prize effort.

"I had that *Example* in mind," he explained, "and, as I passed the War Memorial, I thought that whilst the Memorial's message remained the same, it was far from being the case with the politicians' stories.

"At first," he went on, "I wrote down 'Politicians Telling Now.' Then, remembering that the Competition Editor had advised us in *Bullets Bulletin* to put a sting into the tail of each effort, I tried to improve the phrasing. I used 'Cenotaph' instead of 'Memorial' because we were getting nearer to another Armistice Day.

"I could not have made that *Bullet* without the *Bulletin's* aid," Mr. Porter declared. "I have taken it regularly since I started entering fifteen months ago and it has proved worth its weight in gold.

"My First Prize has put me on my feet," were the words of this "Bulleteer" who had never risen above a 2s. 6d. prize. And, he added, wedding-bells may later be echoing the telegraph boy's knock at my door.

* * *

Whether your need is a big cheque to ring the wedding-bells, or to provide security in a home already established, you owe yourself an effort to capture that £500 fortune offered this week for a *Bullet*.

Apart from this fine First and its accompanying "Father Christmas" privilege, there are many other big cheques and a huge array of 500 Christmas Fowls also waiting for "Bulleteers." See that your entry reaches the judges in time!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,047:

First Prize, £500, plus visit to Motor Show to choose car as announced:

A. NORMAN, "Bangalore," Worthing Road, Laindon, Essex.

Example: FOOTBALL FANS

Bullet: "ROARING LIONS" ENVYING GIRAFFES.

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

H. HARRISON, 28, Glover Street, Camp Road, Leeds.

Example: Geneva Wants

Bullet: Able Brains—Babel Reigns.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

A. RUSSELL, 126, Clepington Road, Dundee.

Example: One Never Knows

Bullet: The Happiness Two Know.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: I. RACE, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.
Our Daily Help—Has "Bounce" Dishes Lack!

£15: B. ROSE, 71, Kenbury Street, London, S.E.
Amid The Tumult—Of Emotions, "Yes!" Whispered.

£10: Mrs. A. TAYLOR, 131, Featherstall Road, Littleborough.
Without An Enemy—Baldwin, But Many "Attackers."

£9: A. McDONALD, 10, Eardisley Road, Liverpool.
Geneva Wants—Smaller "Staff"—Larger "Cudgel."

£8: O. H. BROWN, Coomara, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.
Needs Vigilance—Sonny—Don't Be "Policeman"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£7: W. LOWRY, 43, Hillman Street, Belfast.
Geneva Wants—And Europe's The "Advertisement."

£6: C. W. WARREN, 27, Pretoria Crescent, London, E.
Our Daily Help—And Weekly Bore, Vicar!

£5: A. MANSFIELD, 16a, Abbots Road, Abbots Langley, Watford.
Revived Her—Dying Love, Misfortune's "Arrow."

£4: A. M. SWEETING, 64, North Road, Southall.
Rain Of Death—Makes *Streets* Grow Grass.

£3 10s.: Miss B. HARRIES, 27, Brynhyfryd Terrace Llanhilleth.
Like A Fortress—Government, At Ex-soldier's Approach.

£3: A. ATTWOOD, 62, Hodford Road, Golders Green, N.W.
Without An Enemy—Without Oil, Coal, Gold!

12 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. BARKER, Sunnymede, Whincup Avenue, Knaresborough.
Without An Enemy—Mother, Except "The Enemy."

G. CLARKE, 29, Ship Road, Burnham-on-Crouch.
Stifling A Yawn—"Hadn't Israelites Gangsters, Mummy?"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

D. FERGUSON, 16, Well Street, Monifieth, Angus, N.B.
If Conscription Comes—Don't Exempt "Mr. Capital"!

A. GALL, 27, Edward Road, Harrow.
Stifling A Yawn—Doctor—Another "Draws Breath."

A. GIBB, 44, New Register House, Edinburgh.
When Auntie Moved—Every "Box" Had "Sentry."

A. H. GROOM, 171b, London Road, Northwich, Ches.
Our Daily Help—Even "Shattered" That *Idea*.

A. HARGREAVES, 58, Gaythorne Road, Bradford, Yorks.
He's An Artist, So—Boxing Champion *Avoids* "Beauty."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

M. HUDSON, 13, Grafton Road, Keighley, Yorks.
Geneva Wants—You "Alive."

E. P. JONES, Clovelly, Church Road, Shoeburyness, Essex.
On Thorns—Nations—All Ruining "Stockings."

H. F. LLOYD, Belgian House, Highley, nr. Kidderminster.
Our Daily Help—"Polishes Up" Overheard Conversations.

Mrs. B. NORTH, Arford, Headley, Bordon, Hants.
When He's Paid—Discretion Says "Home James!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. STEVENSON, 33, Carrington Street, Belfast.
Our Daily Help—Kindles "Mother's Fire" Too!

Each of the above winners up to £50 will also receive an Alarm Watch in handsome case. A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

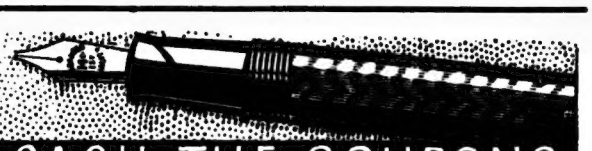
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

We'll send you FREE a generous sample of 'CASCO'

Strongest of all adhesive cements, you'll find that everything repaired with 'CASCO' stays repaired—for good! Super-strong, it sets not by evaporation but chemically like concrete. Heat and moisture don't affect it. They use it in making aeroplanes, doors, furniture—it's so strong! From Ironmongers, Oil and Paint Shops. Send name and address for free sample to Leicester, Lovell & Co. Ltd. (Dept. JB2), 14/18, Nile Street, London, N.1. In time 6d. (2)

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/8, plus 3d postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Period slip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

BIG CHEQUES AND RADIOS WON IN CROSSWORD No. 36

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 36 the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 44) were those submitted by the following five competitors who share the £800 offered as First Prize:—

Mrs. H. Eastwood, 133, Fairfield Road, Morecambe, Lancs.
R. Edwards, Gustavus Road, Camberwe.
H. Hague, 24, Arthur Street, Rotherham.
Miss F. Hutton, 15, Garden Street, Darlington.
S. Simpson, 101, Lower Addiscombe Road, Croydon.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £160 will be sent to each. These five winners will also receive as Bonus Awards, splendid "Ferranti" All-mains, all-wave Radio Sets.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, October 27, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 68 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares. These winners will each receive £1 9s. 5d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 551 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

HUGE INCREASE IN 'BULLETS' XMAS DINNERS WITH NOVEL BIG 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

1050

WIN £500 CASH plus a BIG XMAS TREE

LOADED WITH SUITABLE GIFTS FOR ANY ORPHANAGE OR CHILDREN'S WARD NAMED BY THE WINNER

BE FATHER XMAS TO THE KIDDIES

Last Christmas our "Bullets" 1,006th First Prize-winner, Mr. A. C. Faulkner, of 168, Cowick Street, Exeter, had the pleasure of being Father Christmas to the youngsters at the Children's Home, Exeter, where "John Bull" provided on his behalf the fine Christmas Tree at the party you see in this picture. You can be the next "Bullets" Father Christmas!

£50 £25 £20 £18 £16 £14 £12 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6
£5 £4.10 £4 £3.10 £3 5 of £2.10
2,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"
2,000 "STAR TARGETS"

FINE "HAPPY XMAS" FIRST HEADS CHEQUES AND FOWLS GALORE!

JUST before **December 25, JOHN BULL** will despatch to no fewer than 500 entrants in this week's seasonable *Bullets* Offer a plump Surrey Fowl of the size and quality for which Long Acre Christmas Feasts are famous.

Were these the only prizes to be won, 500 such opportunities to join JOHN BULL'S monster 1936 Christmas party would themselves make this one of the year's finest opportunities. But look at all those fine cheques waiting to be won as well—and try to visualise all the joys in store for the winner of this Contest's novel big 2-in-1 "Happy Christmas" First Prize.

Enter the best *Bullet* of this Contest and, besides receiving a £500 fortune, it will be your privilege to nominate any children's ward or home to receive a giant Christmas Tree loaded with presents for the kiddies from JOHN BULL.

Think of all the happiness you could distribute as the 1936 *Bullets* Santa Claus. Think of what a £500 cheque would mean to you and your family. Then follow the simple instructions below and enjoy a quiet hour on *Bullets*!

THE WAY TO WIN

AMONGST the 36 *Examples* on this page you are sure to find several which will make you pause and think. Note down all the rough ideas that occur to you in this manner, for any one of them may well be developed into a £500 *Bullet*.

You have now to polish each of these rough ideas into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the *Example* selected.

For instance, after choosing the *Example*, BOOBY PRIZE, you might jot down as your first thought, *Dictators Handing To Geneva*. A little careful thinking and you could readily produce from that first idea the typical *Bullet*, BOOBY PRIZE—GENEVA'S, UNLESS "HAND" STRENGTHENED.

Before starting on your own efforts, study closely the good points of the successful *Bullets* in our 1,047th Contest which appear on the opposite page.

After examining the varied styles of these winning efforts, you will be in just the mood to tackle the *Examples*. Settle down to them without delay, for only if your entry is received by Saturday, October 31, can you be amongst this Contest's lengthy list of Christmas prize-winners.

EXAMPLES FOR COMPETITION No. 1,050

WATCHING BRITANNIA
WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE
TOO OLD TO WORK
OUR BETTERS
COURSE OF TRUE LOVE
WAY EUROPE'S GOING
SUCCESSFUL APPLICANT
GOOD DAY
WHAT I'VE FOUND
BANDAGES
OUT TO HELP
ANOTHER SHOT
RENT THE AIR
LIVE WIRE
SAID THE PLUMBER
WATERY
TO STOP THE RACKET
GRANDPA WENT TO LONDON AND
TIME WILL TELL
"WHAT A FARCE!"
WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD
GIVING
WITHOUT A STRUGGLE
SOLLY'S NIGHTMARE
ON THE SQUARE
TOEING THE LINE
BETRAYED
IT'S A BOY, SO
WORTHY OF HER
CALLOUSLY
THINGS WOULD IMPROVE IF
ON TIPTOE
NEW SCHOOL
AUNTIE'S A NUISANCE, BUT
PUT THE FAT IN THE FIRE
BOOBY PRIZE

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed A Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,046 will be displayed in the window of Mr. George Smallbone, Station Road, Didcot, Berks.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS

USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Daily" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

and 500 PLUMP XMAS SURREY FOWLS

to arrive just before Dec. 25, accompanied by ADDED SURPRISE GIFT

This week only

ENTER ON THESE COUPONS BY SAT., OCT. 31

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,050) Closing SAT., Oct. 31.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,050) Closing SAT., Oct. 31.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,050) Closing SAT., Oct. 31.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,050) Closing SAT., Oct. 31.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,050 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,050, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How can you get a SLIM FIGURE

THOUSANDS of women have come to realise the folly of attempting to reduce their weight excessively in a few days. Experience has taught them that such treatment needs to be so drastic that it ruins their looks and injures their health.

What you must do is to *(1)* stop fat forming and *(2)* gradually melt it away; that is what Bile Beans do for you—safely and surely.

If you persevere with your nightly Bile Beans, your health will improve along with your figure, and you'll make sure of feeling and looking your best at all times.

"Bile Beans have rid me of seven pounds of surplus fat and greatly improved my figure. I am better in health in every way and full of vitality."—Mrs. A. G., London, W.1.

* * *

"Bile Beans did me so much good when I had liver trouble that I continued to take them. Not only have they kept me well ever since but my figure is just right with no excess fat or middle-age spread, as I see in some women."—Mrs. J. M. C., Wolverhampton.

* * *

"My figure is so greatly improved since taking Bile Beans that now standard dresses and coats fit perfectly. My bust and hip measurement has been reduced by four inches. Bile Beans have also given me a clear skin, more energy and made me ever so fit."—Miss A. D., Cheshire.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HEALTHY & ATTRACTIVELY SLIM

231 B 42

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A 203